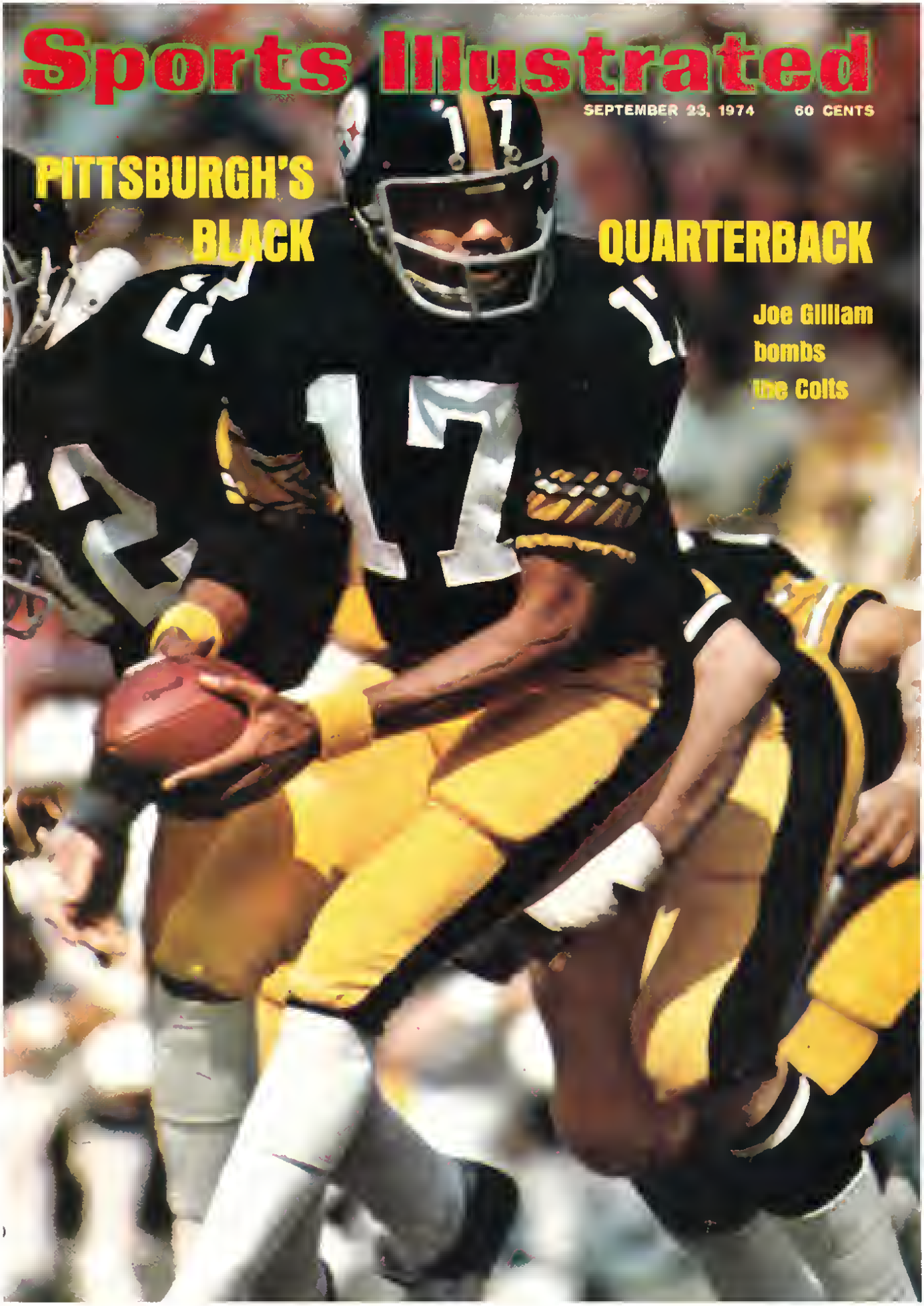

Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 23, 1974
60 CENTS
PITTSBURGH'S BLACK QUARTERBACK
Joe Gilliam bombs the Colts

1975. INTRODUC
NEW EFFICIE

It's the key part of a program to make our 1975 cars run leaner, run cleaner—and save you money every mile.

This ad is not about Vega or our little four-cylinder engines, which were already superbly efficient performers in '74. Happily, this ad *is* about the new efficiency of the rest of our 1975 Chevrolets.

Together for the first time.

We firmly believe that the 1975 Chevrolets make more sense than any other new line of cars we've ever brought out.

That's because this is the year of our new Efficiency System—a series of significant engineering improvements working together for the first time. They're designed to bring you a better running car in many ways, along with improved fuel economy and more miles between recommended maintenance. They include things like catalytic converters, High Energy Ignition, Early Fuel Evaporation and steel-belted radial ply tires.

Run leaner? Run cleaner? What's that mean?

For instance, when businesses run leaner, they run more economically. That's what our 1975 Chevrolets are designed to do, and that's why we've adopted the phrase *run leaner.* By *run cleaner* we mean 1975 Chevrolets are designed to meet new Federal emission standards, with engines that stay cleaner internally because of no-lead fuel.



Improved fuel economy.

All 1975 Chevrolets with standard V8s or standard six-cylinder engines are designed to bring you improved fuel economy, thanks to the new Efficiency System, new engine tuning and easy-rolling radial ply tires.

Models with available V8s are also designed for improved fuel economy; but because of its high-performance capability, our 454-cubic-inch V8 will show limited improvement.



Surer starting.

High Energy Ignition, standard on all 1975 Chevrolets, delivers a spark that's up to 85% hotter than conventional ignition systems deliver. We wanted to make it possible for you to approach your car with greater confidence on cold or humid mornings and to get efficient combustion at all speeds.

Faster warm-ups.

Chevrolet's new Early Fuel Evaporation is designed to reduce stall and chugging when you first start out. EFE uses exhaust gases in a more sophisticated way to warm the incoming fuel-air mixture, so you can be on your way sooner and more smoothly. The automatic choke cuts out faster, too, which helps save a little gas on short runs in cold weather. EFE is on all V8 models and on all six-cylinder models except some Novas without air conditioning.

Better performance.

Clearly, all those 1975 Chevrolets with their surer starts, faster warm-ups, hotter ignition and reduced stall and



The 1975 Chevrolets: Caprice Classic Impala Chevelle Monte Carlo Camaro

NG CHEVROLET'S NCY SYSTEM.

chugging are designed to be noticeably better performers than cars of the last few years.



And with catalytic converters now taking over most of the emission control job, our engines can do what Chevy engines have long been famous for: Deliver smooth, responsive, efficient performance.

Fewer and simpler tune-ups.

With High Energy Ignition, there are no points to replace, and there's no ignition condenser to replace. Spark plugs, instead of lasting 6,000 miles, should now last up to 22,500 miles.

Tune-ups, as we've known them, will be simpler and further apart, due to less frequent adjustment of timing and replacement of plugs.

More miles between oil changes and chassis lubes.

Remember the good old days when you had to change the oil and grease the chassis every several thousand miles?



We've come a long way. In fact, for 1975 we've been able to extend our recommended maintenance as follows: *Oil change and chassis lube*—every six months or 7,500 miles (an increase of two months or 1,500 miles). *Oil filter change*—first 7,500 miles, then every 15,000 (an increase of 1,500 miles for the first change, 3,000 miles for each later one). *Automatic transmission fluid change*—every 30,000 miles (an increase of 6,000 miles).

All that and cleaner air.

With the catalytic converter, we've met the new Federal emission reductions: Exhaust hydrocarbons down 50% from 1974, carbon monoxide reduced 46% from 1974. GM's catalytic converter development program included 1,000 vehicles, going over 20 million miles.

We'll keep adding to your knowledge.

As you've seen, this is a serious ad, written to be as helpful as we can make it at announcement time. But it's far from the last word you'll hear from us about the new Chevrolet Efficiency System.

It's important for you to learn about the system, of course. But it's important to remember this: The engineering facts and figures we have at this writing support what we're telling you. However, as we get deeper into the model year, we'll be able to report more specific information than we can now. So as we expand our knowledge, we'll be able to expand yours. With that understanding, you can see that today is no more than step No. 1 in introducing the system to you.

Coming Friday, September 27.

The 1975 Chevrolets, with our new Efficiency System, will be in the showrooms then. We hope you will be, too.



Nova Vega New Monza 2+2 Wagons

CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA

Chevrolet

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



Smoothness you can taste.

If you're looking for a smooth, easy ride, nothing in the world beats a balloon.

And if you're looking for the same smoothness in your cigarette, nothing beats a Lark. Lark has smoothness you can taste, from your first cigarette in the morning to your last one of night.

The reason? Our unique filter. It has two outer "tar" and nicotine filters, plus an inner chamber of specially treated chorcoal granules.

Together they smooth the smoke, and give you a taste that's richly rewarding, uncommonly smooth.

Lark. It has smoothness you can toste –

Pack after pack.



King 17mg "tar" 1.2 mg. nicotine Extra Long- 19 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg nicotine av per cigarette, FTC Report (Mar. '74.)

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Next week

WAKING THE ECHOES for Notre Dame is Quarterback Tom Clements, whose heroics made the Irish the champions last year. Ray Kennedy looks at the team and its leader.

SUPER PROBLEMS may be brewing for Super Bowl champion Miami after an opening-game loss to the Pats. Dan Jenkins reports as O.J. and the Bills test the Dolphins again.

TINTYPES: Frank Deford engages in relaxed and sometimes irreverent conversation with the commissioners of the major pro sports. Do you sleep in the nude, Bowie Kuhn?

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When Reporter Stephanie Salter filled out a questionnaire from the San Francisco 49ers last fall in preparation for her stint as a Niner Nugget (*page 38*), most of her answers—name, address, dress size—were standard. But a few should have warned the 49ers that this was no dutiful, run-of-the-mill pompon girl. Under Hobbies, for instance, Salter had written, "Music (I play the flute—think we could work up a solo act for me?)."

The 49ers could not, but they did agree to let her be a Nugget for a week, long enough to gather material for her article. That meant Salter would be appearing before a crowd for the first time since her cheerleading days at Garfield High in Terre Haute, Ind. "That was the big time," she says, "Cheerleader was the most important thing next to Homecoming Queen. At 17 it was a real trip making a crowd obey you. You'd whip them into a frenzy, then hold up your hand and they'd shut up, just like that. And there was nothing better than walking into the gym in your uniform. Everyone knew you were hot stuff."

After she entered Purdue, her notions about what was hot stuff changed. "It was a time of radical politics, and being a cheerleader was bourgeois. They were ragheads, dumb as a box of rocks," Salter says, scattering Midwestern idioms like corn husks. She turned to other pursuits, such as tap-dancing lessons and peace marches. "I'd dance first," she says. "Then I'd go out and demonstrate." She was also big on journalism (she joined the staff of the Purdue *Exponent*) and 1940s music. "When Woody Herman came to Purdue, I was the only person on the paper who knew he wasn't a comedian," she says.

The sports editor of the *Exponent* then was SI Reporter Kent Hannon. He gave Salter her first assignment, a story on a day in the life of the Purdue athletic director. "I thought she'd never get it done, but to my surprise she turned it in, all written out in longhand," says Hannon.

By 1970 she had learned to type with two fingers and had become editor of the *Exponent*, and after her graduation in 1971 she came to New York and



SALTER: A NUGGET FROM TERRE HAUTE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. A year and a half later, decked out in both a black gown and black bow tie, Salter made history of sorts when she tried to crash an all-male dinner given by the New York Baseball Writers Association. Reports of her eviction from the dinner filtered back to her hometown Terre Haute *Tribune*. An Indiana radio station got her on a call-in show via long distance so that local people could talk to her. "They were polite," Salter says, "but they couldn't understand why I was making such a big deal about not being able to go to a dinner."

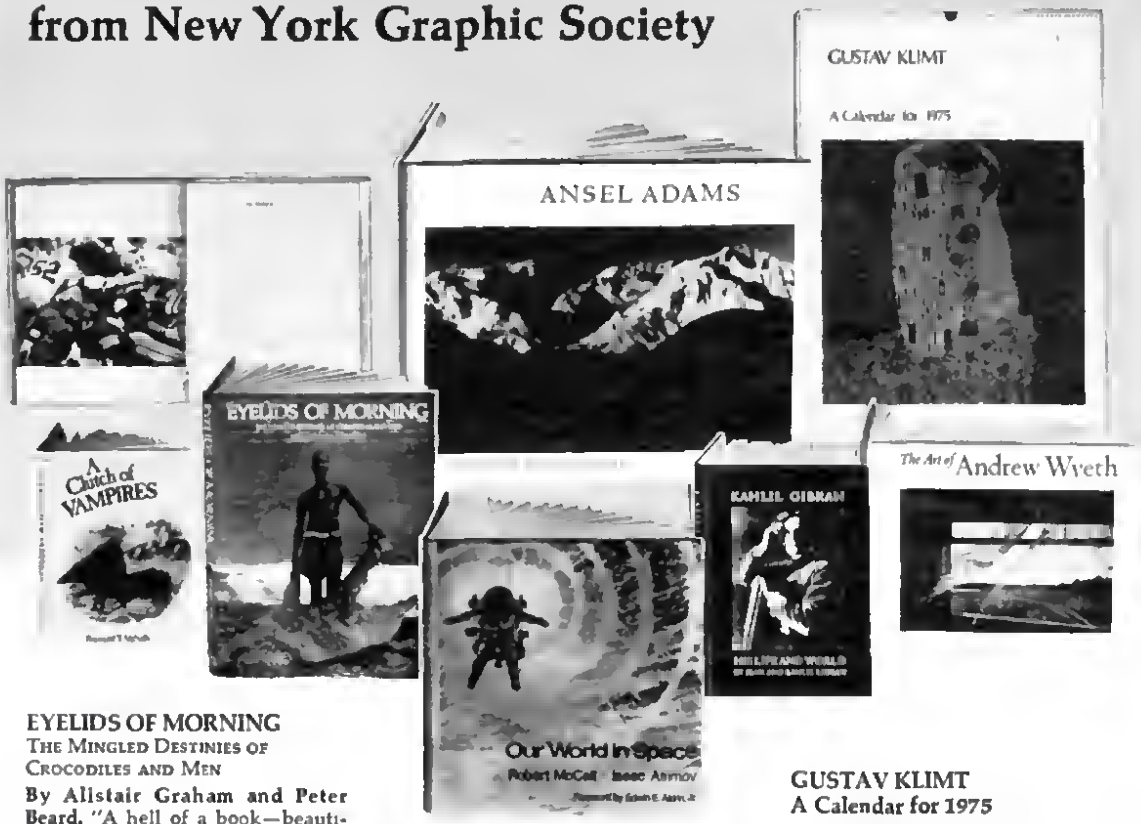
Salter sees a parallel between the Niner Nuggets, who are promotional people more than they are pompon girls, and Garfield High's cheerleaders. "You can't ask 60,000 people at a pro game to give you a locomotive, but the motivation for being a Nugget goes back to that feeling of walking into a room in a uniform. It still singles you out," she says.

It's too bad the 49ers did not let Salter play her flute, or do her *Singin' in the Rain* tap-dance routine. Either one of them might have allowed her to follow the exhortations of a sardonic friend who sent her off to San Francisco with the words, "Salter, you're going out there a youngster, but you've got to come back a star."

Jack Meyers

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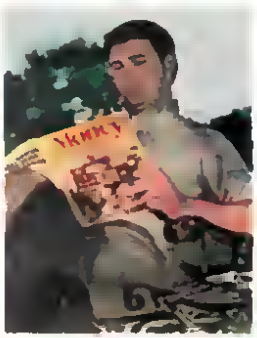
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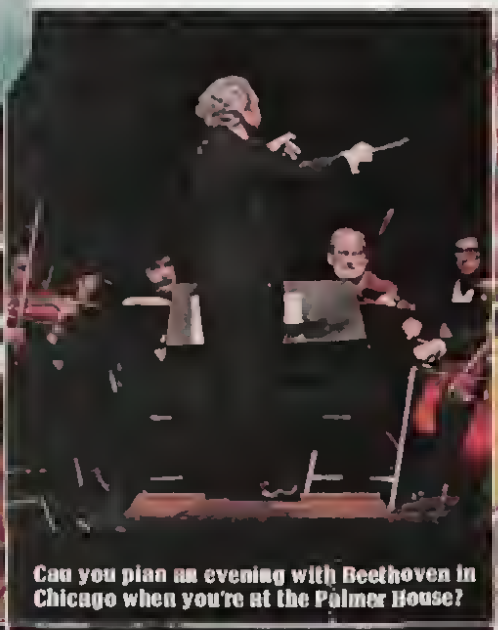



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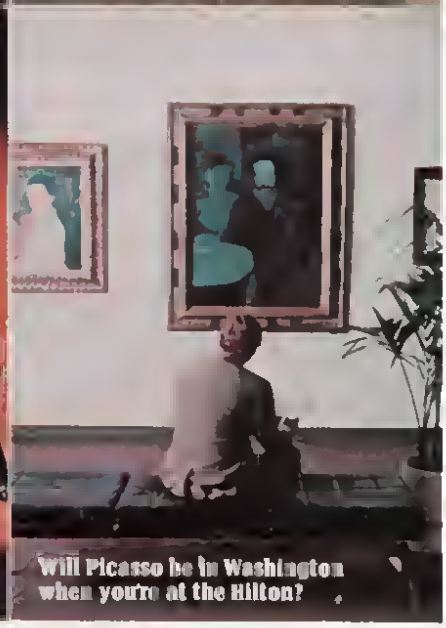
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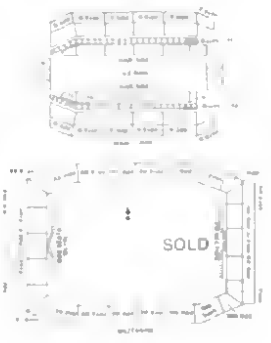
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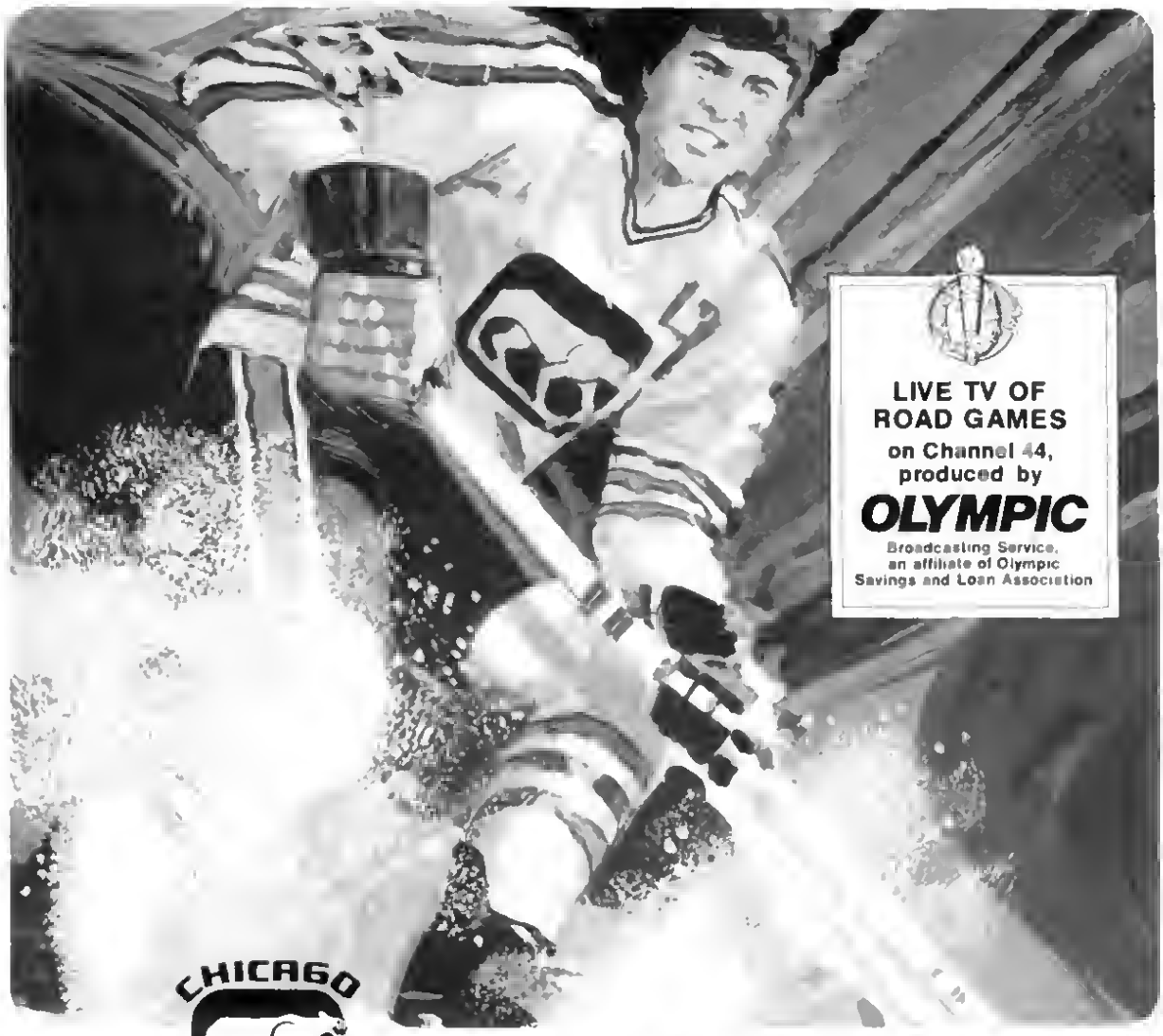


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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

KICK COMING

Absolutely nobody expects the United States to be among the final 20 in 1978's World Cup soccer competition, except members of this year's U.S. national team, the country's first. Before a crowd of 22,000 in Dallas earlier this month, the more northerly Americans came within an ace of tying Mexico, the same Mexican team that tied Cup semifinalist Brazil 1–1 before 170,000 last spring in Rio. Only a diving save by Mexico's superb goaltender Ignacio Calderon, who was twice as busy as the U.S.'s Bob Rigby of the Philadelphia Atoms, prevented a last-minute header by Kyle Rote Jr. of the Dallas Tornado from going in.

The U.S. team is being coached by Dettmar Cramer, a West German with impressive credentials. Cramer took a Japanese team that was headed nowhere to a bronze medal in the 1964 Olympics. He devoted subsequent years to the emerging nations, then decided in 1974 that his best chance was with that potential gold mine, the U.S. He will stick by this country at least until 1978, the next Cup year.

The hope is there, says Cramer. Three days before its 1–0 loss in Dallas, the U.S. went down 3–1 to the same Mexicans in Monterrey. "We were able to stay with them at the international pace for only 60 minutes the first time," Cramer said. "We were with them the full 90 minutes Sunday."

The U.S. team is made up of the best of the home-raised players now performing in the pro North American Soccer League. They and those who may supplant them will be aiming at the elimination rounds two years away. To toughen up, they plan to take on powerful Yugoslavia in December and a European tour next spring.

FEAR STRIKES OUT

Bill Travis was officiating at his first football game at Warrior High School outside Birmingham, Ala., and if he thought *he* was nervous he had only to look at the captain of the kicking team to know what real fright was. Travis has dined out on the story for years.

"Captain, are you ready?" he asked the petrified lad. As combination umpire-field judge, Travis was to dash for the sideline after an affirmative nod and signal the referee downfield, who would start the game. But there was no answer. The young man stood erect and still next to the teed-up ball, looking straight ahead.

"Captain, are you ready?" Travis asked in a louder voice. He was ignored.

Travis stepped closer. Almost nose to nose with the boy, he asked a third time, "Captain, are you ready to play football?" Still no answer. The boy obviously was too shaky to reply. Travis decided that only action would bring him out of the spell.

"Captain, we're starting this game," he said sharply, then ran off the field and threw his right arm into the air to signal the referee. It was only then that he heard *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

THE BIG GO BY

One trouble New Orleans' Superdome has not had is with the wind. Hurricane Carmen breezed close to town, but no special precautions were taken other than to secure loose material outside the stadium. The structure was shaped with hurricane-force winds in mind and model-tested in a wind tunnel. The main concern of its backers is not that the dome will blow its top but whether they ever will get anybody under it.

FLIPPING OUT

The flip, at least temporarily, is a flop. At its recent meeting during the European track and field championships in Rome, the International Amateur Athletic Federation banned the somersault style of long jumping (SI, July 29). Too dangerous, the feds said.

One person who is not hopping to the same tune is Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, now the Soviet coach who gained fame as one of the best of the straight jumpers. "All the jumping events are getting to be more acrobatic," he said at Rome. "Of course the flip is kind of dangerous, but if you're afraid, don't jump. We have several good young jumpers who are using the flip, and I'm not going to tell them to stop. I'm sure the rule will be changed. It's a better way to jump."

IT FIGURES

If you are one of those who believes golf is a humbling game, think of baseball as Reggie Jackson does. "When you play this game 10 years, go to bat 7,000 times and get 2,000 hits, you know what that means?" asks the Oakland rightfielder. "You've gone 0 for 5,000."

NO ROOM AT THE TOP

It was bound to happen. The Zermatt Tourist Bureau reported that on an average day this summer 150 climbers swarmed toward the 14,701-foot summit of the Matterhorn, and those who did

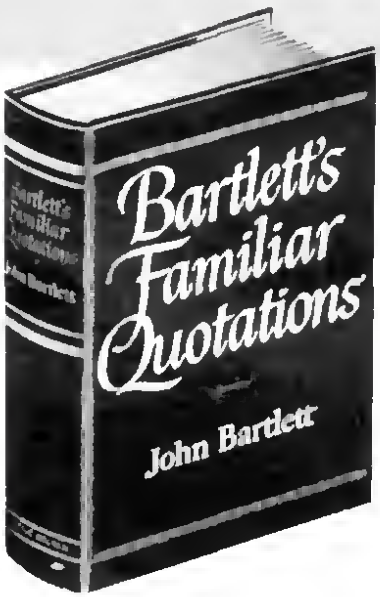


not scale the heights early were queuing up on a ledge below. The top, 50 yards long and reasonably flat, could—and sometimes did—accommodate 40 people at a time. Latecomers waited their turn below in a kind of orbit, safeguarded by ropes strung by guides.

"It was disgusting," one disgusted climber said. "The summit was a garbage heap. It stunk to high heaven." Once considered one of the world's challenges, the

continued

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peak was littered with empty cans and bottles and half-eaten food. Worse yet, a chemical toilet installed on the waiting ledge did not function properly.

High time, Swiss authorities reasoned, to set things in good odor. They ordered helicopters aloft to bring the garbage to earth, because it was there.

TOO MANY MIRACLES

Scoring a hole in one in Japan is an expensive proposition. More than a round of drinks is expected of the lucky golfer. A lavish geisha party is more like it.

Inevitably, an enterprising businessman saw money in the custom and established the Nippon Hole-in-One Club to insure members, at $3.51 a year, against the cost of the party, which can run as high as $2,500. But, given Japan's mad passion for golf, the club found itself in trouble. Management figured optimistically that only one in every 1,000 players a year would ace a hole. In the first year 54 of the 12,000 members did. Nobody knows whether Japanese are just better short-hole players than other golfers around the world or whether the home courses are tailor-made for holes in one. The Nippon club does know that it is bankrupt.

CALLING A SPADE

Bob Short, who has reduced his holding in the Texas Rangers to 10%, and would like to own not a smidgen of minor league property, has produced a solution to his problem that, odds on, is the worst of the season. He wants to scramble the top minors in with the 24 existing big-league teams and pretend he has created a 40-team major league omelet.

Unlike most menu writers, Short knows exactly what he is preparing. "Naturally, the quality of talent will drop," he says. "You won't have a team equal to the 1927 Yankees, but you will have teams that compete with the Yankees of these times. Because of the competition, somebody will finish first and somebody will finish last. There's a top and bottom to every manure pile."

Right.

GUT CHECK

Simulium venustum has been dead and gone since July 4, and no regrets. But his cousin, *Simulium nyssa*, has come to take over his job, which is biting campers and fishermen in the Maine woods and there are regrets aplenty. S. nyssa will be around until he earns his just reward in a killing frost.

Both S's are black flies. In the good old days of polluted streams and heavy concentrations of DDT, S. nyssa had stayed pretty much isolated. Then somebody got the bright idea of cleaning up the Penobscot River to encourage a salmon renaissance. The salmon came, and so did S. nyssa, in clouds.

By any name, the Maine blackfly is a tough hombre. He bites by tearing off flesh with lancetlike blades that slice into the tissue. He then smears on an anticoagulant to keep the blood flowing and drinks until gorged—or crushed by his victim. Dr. Ivan McDaniel, an entomologist with the University of Maine at Orono, thinks a warming trend in the weather may be another reason why Maine woodsmen in the Orono area are now contending with the pests the entire summer. He has found no single homemade or commercial repellent that will discourage the insects equally well for everyone, but suggests—lamely, we think—that those venturing into the woods should experiment to find what works best for them.

Up in Alaska, Guy Okakok, Barrow correspondent for the *Tundra Times*, knows what to do about the big, lush mosquitoes that move in on the fall hunters in his country. You take a tip from the Kakmoliks.

"Whenever they shoot a deer," Okakok writes, "first they open the belly and rub their hands and face with the blood, all over them. After the blood dries, mosquitoes never sting them at all. And it always works, too. Why not try it?"

You'll like it?

GRAND CANYON SWEAT

Now that the daredevil season has temporarily subsided, there is reason to believe that maybe the grandest feat of courage was not Evel Knievel's abortive rim shot nor Mike King's record 155-foot dive into eight feet of water but a little-publicized run Bill Emmerton made one blistering day last month into the Grand Canyon and out again.

Emmerton is the 53-year-old Australian distance runner (SI, Oct. 6, 1969) who six years ago this summer ran 100 miles nonstop through Death Valley and temperatures averaging 125° in 36 hours and 35 minutes. He said after his latest run that he would repeat the Death Valley trip 10 times over before ever facing the canyon trip again.

Terrified of heights, Emmerton found himself racing along trails that at times were only 18 inches wide, solid cliff wall on one side and sheer drop on the other. Once, in the descent, he almost did go off the South Kaibab Trail when he rounded a sharp corner and saw nothing but space directly ahead.

From 7,000 feet, Emmerton covered the seven miles to the canyon floor at 2,200 feet in an hour and a half. After an 11-minute stop at Cottonwood Ranch, he began the torturous ascent to the north rim (elevation 8,200 feet and 14 miles away) in midday temperatures of 110°. He skittered past three rattlesnakes, stepped on rocks that bruised the soles of his feet severely and barely escaped a large rock that landed on the trail behind him. Toward the end, having had only three mouthfuls of water to drink, a handful of raisins and a small bar of chocolate to eat, Emmerton was, for the first time in his life, beaten. At several points, out of fear and fatigue, he almost crawled. His head spun, his legs, which had grown sore on the way down, pained him fiercely. In the last mile he began to bleed at the nose. Never in his life had Emmerton thought of quitting. He almost did this time. When he arrived at the top, seven hours and 45 minutes and 20.6 miles after the start, he apologized for being unable to complete his planned trip—doubling back over the same route—and hinted. He will not defend his record against any man with the grit to go after it.

THEY SAID IT

- Jethro Pugh, Dallas defensive end: "If it weren't for a name like Jethro Pugh I might be anonymous."
- Al Conover, Rice University football coach, on his snappy new pair of alligator shoes: "I took them home and put them in the closet. Guess what? They ate my Hush Puppies."
- Rick McCutcheon, ex-starter on the University of Minnesota basketball team after switching to Arizona State because of an "impossible situation": "If I'm going to be unhappy, I might as well be unhappy where it's warm."
- Anne Hayes, wife of Ohio State's Woody Hayes, asked if she had ever contemplated divorce: "Divorce, no. Murder, yes."

END

Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 23, 1974

NO BOMBS BUT LOTS OF BULLETS

They had little in common with overpowering Yankee teems of the past except the name, but there they were whipping their chief rivals on the road, soaring in the pennant race end forging a new image based on defense and timely hits

by RON REID

They are neither Bronx nor Bombers these days. They play in a ball park in another New York borough, which makes every contest a road game. Neither in muscle nor numbers will their hitters remind anyone of a Murderers' Row. The manager has his job as a consolation prize, and the team leader changes from day to day like the locker-room supply of T shirts. No beer baron or TV network pays the salaries; the principal owner is yet another man enmeshed in legal trouble relating to Richard Nixon. Resentments that lingered in the wake of early-season trades and a position change have waned, but a disgruntled pitcher quit only last week.

All of which, for some American League fans with long memories, might be good news about the New York Yankees if the team were suffering for such handicaps rather than challenging for its first title in the last 10 years. As the days dwindled down in the ferocious divisional race, New York was rolling with a momentum reminiscent of the pinstripers of old—those guys who won 29 pennants and 20 world championships.

When the week ended, New York led the American League East with an 80-67 record, 2½ games ahead of Baltimore and 3½ in front of Boston, both of which had blown chances to stop the implausible Yanks in their home ball yards. The Yankees beat the Red Sox twice—and a Fenway Park jinx that had stung them 20 times in 21 previous games—before moving on to Baltimore. There, rebounding from a dispiriting one-run loss in 17 innings, the Yanks took two games from the Orioles.

In contrast to the seasons in which New York used to wrap up the pennant by Mother's Day, the Yankees accomplished their march through Boston, Baltimore and Detroit last week with no little luck and some of the least likely heroes in any season. For all of that, however, the team was neither awestruck by its success nor put into a snit by the occasional defeat. After a 6-3 loss Friday night to Detroit, a last-place club that mysteriously had socked it to the Yanks 11 times in 16 previous meetings, the locker room was calm. And this though the Tigers had rallied from a 3-0 deficit to beat Doc Medich, New York's top pitcher.

"I can't afford to dwell on this thing," said Medich. "We've just got to stay loose, come back tomorrow and play again. Our club doesn't get uptight. The feeling now is that it's just another day we'll have to wait to win the pennant."

On Saturday the Yanks blew a four-run lead but ultimately emerged with a 10-7 victory. And on Sunday they won 10-2 to complete their week on the road with a 6-2 record.

Cool professionalism is but one change wrought in the erratic Yankees by low-key Bill Virdon, who saves his emotional bombast for umpires even when his ego is on the line. Virdon was the second choice of Owner George Steinbrenner as the team's manager. Steinbrenner (who has been fined $15,000 for illegal campaign contributions and has severed his working connection with the team) offered Virdon the job when he could not get Dick Williams from Oakland. Moreover, the job was to be Virdon's only until such time as Williams would be available. With Virdon now a strong candidate for Manager of the Year, that stipulation is a delicious irony.

Virdon himself says, "I really never thought about it. I was going to manage in Denver and it got down to where would I rather be, in the majors or in the minors. It's not too bad being considered No. 2 to Dick Williams. Anyway, the Lord says he has little use for a coward."

Ruled by that philosophy, Virdon made the most dramatic Yankee move of the year when he replaced Bobby Murcer with Elliott Maddox in center field, the glamour position. Murcer, an Oklahoman like his idol, Mickey Mantle, had led the team in hits, doubles, homers, batting average and RBIs for three seasons and his enthusiasm at being switched to right field was less than robust. Virdon had simply decided that Maddox was a far better defensive player, a judgment since vindicated repeatedly. And Maddox has stroked consis-

continued

Position-switchers Bobby Murcer (top) and Elliott Maddox swing hard against the Tigers.





tent if not long-range hits for a .306 average.

"Murcer still doesn't like the change," says a front-office Yankee, "but he's adjusted to it the way any professional athlete making $120,000 a year would. Besides that, didn't we have a guy named Ruth who played right field? There ought to be some glamour playing *that* position."

"I'm aware of the folklore that goes with being the Yankee centerfielder," says Maddox, an intelligent, soft-spoken man who has been studying Judaism. "The team leader, the big home-run-hitter thing. But that isn't the case anymore. I could hit more home runs maybe, but I'm not a leader. I don't even think about that."

He adds, "It's nice that we're winning again, leading this late in the season for the first time since 1964, but the similarity between us and the old Yanks ends right there. Back-to-back homers for them were not a rarity. We have to do it with a combination of defense, strategy and playing together. When I go out on the field I think of the Yankee tradition. The Yankees are probably the best known team ever in baseball. You can't forget that tradition, but we can't duplicate their style."

Indeed, New York has hit but 88 homers this season, a total that suffers in comparison not only with the old Yankees but with the team's current pennant rivals. But the club has hit 65 sacrifice flies, just one short of the alltime league record, and the Yankee outfield has 52 assists, with Murcer's 19 the most in the league.

Additional sinew for the defense came with Sandy Alomar, purchased from the Angels on July 8. Virdon put him at second base, a trouble spot, the next night, since then New York has won 41 of 65 games. Against the Western Division, New York is 48-24, and a winner in every series.

The Yankees really began their transition from a clique-ridden also-ran to a contender in April, when a trade sent Pitchers Fritz Peterson, Steve Kline, Fred Beene and Tom Buskey to Cleveland for First Baseman Chris Chambliss and Pitchers Dick Tidrow and Cecil Upshaw. That deal brought heavy criticism, if not open scorn, from several Yankee veterans. Peterson, eight years a Yank, had been especially popular with his teammates.

There is scorn no more. Chambliss has hit safely in the last 12 games and at a .385 pace. And there is absolutely no doubt as to Virdon's firm control of the team. "I don't think we have a team leader," Medich says. "Our leadership isn't lumped into one person, unless it's Bill Virdon. He's been his own man, kept the players hungry, and he hasn't let the ball club get away from him."

"We weren't going good early because we had so many new players," says Maddox. "We weren't acquainted with each other's styles. Another thing, in baseball you spend maybe three or four seasons rooting for a guy on the opposition to fail when he plays against you, like I did with Chris Chambliss. Then suddenly he's a teammate. It takes a while to adjust. Now we're all pulling for one another. Two months ago we went on a road trip and we were one and seven when we got back to Shea Stadium [the team's home park until 1976, when the refurbishing of Yankee Stadium will be completed] Then we won a few in New York and we were right back in it. The guys realized then that if we bore down we should win our division."

Toward that goal, no game may have been more important to New York than a 6–3 victory over the Red Sox last week. That one ended the Fenway hex at 11 straight losses, seven of them this season.



"This was a big turning point for us," Alomar said. "This time we were determined to come up here and win. We did it and we proved something to ourselves."

"Previously, we'd lose here and then we would have a disastrous road trip," Maddox said. "I think it stayed on everyone's mind. Now there's a psychological lift. We beat Boston *in* Boston. We can beat anyone now." As a sidelight that would become a frontlight in 24 hours' time, the Yanks bought Alex Johnson, baseball's answer to Duane Thomas, from the Texas Rangers for the $20,000 waiver price. Asked how he planned to use Johnson in the lineup, Virdon grinned and said, "I'm not even sure he'll play."

If anyone needed further proof that the Fenway jinx had ended—or that the Red Sox were in a hitting slump—it was forthcoming the next night. Luis Tiant, who was to be backed with but 14 singles and not one earned run in a string of 38 innings, squared off against the Yanks' Pat Dobson in a pitching classic. Dobson went 11 innings without yielding an earned run, retiring 14 batters in a row over one stretch, and 19 of 20 as New York won 2-1 in the 12th. The winning run was scored on a 420-foot homer—by Alex Johnson.

The Yanks had tied the game in the ninth after the umpires ruled fan interference on a line shot by Chambliss that bounced into the right-field stands. Boston Manager Darrell Johnson protested that the ball should have been a ground-rule double, which would have held up the tying runner at third base, but his arguments only earned him an ejection.

Pat Dobson was a Fenway Park jinx-jolter.





Lou Piniella had a perfect 4 for 4 game.

"It was a lousy call," Trant said. "They stink. They should all be fined. They're no good. They don't belong in this league. They don't give a damn about you losing a pennant over a call like that. Umpires are human and they make mistakes, but that was no mistake tonight. The ball bounced and touched the fan. The runner shouldn't have scored."

Where there had been a packed house and communal frenzy in Boston, the opposite was true during the Yanks' series in Baltimore. The Orioles still suffer from the apathy epitomized by Marion Law, who considerably brightens the Avis counter at Friendship Airport.

"What kind of ball game is going on?" she asked a visitor.

"You know, the Orioles," was the visitor's reply.

"Oh, that," she said. "I thought that was all over."

As things turned out, the first game of a twi-night doubleheader in Memorial Stadium was not all over until four hours and 12 minutes after it started. The Yanks took a 2–0 lead in the second and the Orioles got a run back in the same inning. In the fifth Andy Etchebarren hit his first home run of the year to tie it up, and the deadlock continued until the bottom of the 17th, when a pinch single by Boog Powell scored Paul Blair with the winning run. That was 10 innings after Manager Earl Weaver had been tossed out by the umps.

The Orioles got a waiver on the Baltimore midnight curfew, but only five hits in the second game off Larry Gura, a 26-year-old southpaw purchased from Syracuse last month after several trials with the Cubs. Gura scattered the hits as the Yanks made victory look easy. Score: 5–1. A burned-up Oriole fan burned his pennant.

The next night was memorable in that the Yankees' Mike Wallace, another lefthander, who had a 5-0 record as a relief pitcher, made his first American League start. Wallace allowed just five hits in beating Jim Palmer, so long the Oriole "stopper," 3–0.

"Relax, men," Weaver told his press corps. "There's a lot of time left. Maybe next week would be a nice time to put an eight- or nine-game win streak together. There's nothing you can do but keep going to the plate and trying to score."

The race was still going to the wire in Virdon's book. "We've got our work cut out for us," he said. "We're just in a position now where we have to win one less than they do."

Lou Piniella, who has been one of the Yankees' most consistent hitters, slugged a three-run homer in the first inning Friday night at Detroit, but for the first time all week Yankee pitching faltered and the game was lost.

As for the race, ex-Yankee Ralph Houk, the Tiger manager, said, "I wouldn't bet and I wouldn't pick, but at this stage the club with the momentum is the club to beat, so I guess you'd say it's the Yankees." And what does a manager do about a team batting slump, like Boston's? "He takes an extra drink," said Houk.

On Friday, Virdon revealed that Pitcher Sam McDowell, once a feared fireballer, had left the team. "He told me he was hanging it up," Virdon said. "He was unhappy he wasn't contributing." McDowell had a 1-6 record and a 4.69 ERA.

The next day the Yankees resembled their violent predecessors as they ripped Mickey Lolich for three homers and scored four times in the first inning. Maddox made a sensational diving catch of a sinking liner by Ron LeFlore, but the Tigers refused to be intimidated. Al Kaline homered and got two other hits to bring his career total to 2,991, and when Bill Freehan homered in the fifth inning the score was tied at 6-all. In the seventh, however, the Yanks scored four more runs, including Murcer's first homer since July 31, covering 163 at bats, and New York won out. (Murcer still hasn't hit a home run in Shea Stadium.)

In the series finale Sunday the Yankees battered starter Luke Walker and a pair of relievers for 14 hits. Piniella, whom the Yanks had obtained from Kansas City despite reports that he was hard to handle and tough to live with, got four hits in four at bats to drive in three runs. It was still something of a shock to glance over the lineup and note that Piniella was one of seven starters who had not been on the team last year. Gura, while not as effective as he was in his remarkable Baltimore performance, nevertheless gained his fourth win. He held the Tigers scoreless for five innings before being relieved by Sparky Lyle in the seventh. It was Sparky's 55th appearance, and he gave up only one hit the rest of the game. Tiger fans took what solace they could from Kaline's 2,992nd hit, a single accounting for one of the Detroit runs.

And so the borough of Queens' lethal stepchildren headed back to New York for a 10-game home stand with any number of juicy statistics to relish—not least that they had won 24 of their last 32 games. That is .750 ball. And while Virdon departed only briefly (and rather murkily) from his super-cautious "down-to-the-wire" stance, he did at least say something else. "If we can't win it now, we just can't win it, that's all."

Altogether it was a week that did the old Yankees proud. And profoundly disturbed the legion of Yankee haters and fearers who had considered themselves safe for another eon or two. **END**



Bill Virdon could be Manager of the Year.

GILLIE WAS A STEELER DRIVING MAN

Having deposed two senior quarterbecks, Joe Gilliam was at the controls for Pittsburgh on opening day. He justified that choice by blasting Baltimore

by ROY BLOUNT, JR.

The last time Jefferson Street Joe Willie Gillie Gilliam, the sweet soul flinger of Pittsburgh, made as spectacular a splash as he did in the Steelers 30–0 win over Baltimore last Sunday was the time, several years ago, when he met his wife Beverly. Joe saw her sitting beside a swimming pool one day and thought to impress her with a swan dive. He spread his arms, soared beautifully off the board and hit nose first. "There was blood all over the water," he recalls with a certain pride.

Little wonder that Gilliam did not go on to become the first great black pro diver. Last Sunday, though, he became the first black ever to start and win an opening day National Football League game. He did not fall on his face. Far from it. Two hours after the game, as the trash was being swept up in Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium and football markings were being effaced so that more baseball could be played, Gilliam's bubbling spirit could still be sensed soaring above the field. Some of the credit was due other Steelers—a defense that throttled the Colts, an offensive line that Gilliam may make as famous as O.J. Simpson made his and nine different tough and flashing pass receivers that even included a diving Swann.

But Joey Gilliam, the pride of Jefferson Street, Nashville, Tenn., was the main man. In three quarters of play against a Baltimore defense that had been resolute in pre-season play, he completed 17 of 31 passes for 257 yards and two touchdowns, including a 54-yard bomb to Wide Receiver Lynn Swann, a rookie out of Southern California. Where are all of those other black quarterbacks—long since converted into wide receivers or cornerbacks—they said pro football wasn't ready for?

But let us not play this thing too much in terms of race and revolution. If Gilliam weren't grinning and skipping and waving his arms in delight after throwing a touchdown, you could see it as a nostalgia story. "Joey's a throwback to the '50s, to the days of Waterfield and Van Brocklin throwing to Crazy Legs Hirsch and Tom Fears," says Steeler Vice-President Art Rooney Jr. "He hits people's hands."

The pass is back, thanks in part to rule changes this year that make the receiver's job less liable to harassment, and Joe can throw it. As he did a couple of times in similarly brilliant exhibition games this summer, he started out slowly against the Colts. His first five passes were incomplete, and when he threw an interception to Rick Volk toward the end of the first quarter he walked to the sideline with only two completions, for 12 yards, in 10 throws. "I knew sooner or later I'd stop missing them and start hitting them," he said later.

The Pittsburgh defense, led by rushers L. C. Greenwood, Dwight (Mad Dog) White, Ernie Holmes and Mean Joe

Gilliam spent most of the afternoon unmolested by the Colts, aiming passes from an unclassically low arm position to nine different receivers.



Greene, forced the Colts to punt. But Swann fumbled the kick and Baltimore recovered on the Pittsburgh 31, then punched as far as the one, which is where the Steelers stopped the last of three straight shots by Bill Olds.

And here came Gilliam again, stepping as cool as anything into a pocket formed by blockers who all afternoon never allowed a Colt to get more than a tentative hand on him. On the 13th play of the 99-yard drive, Gilliam threw a ball from the Steeler 46 that described an arc so pretty as to beggar description, and somewhere around the six-yard line Swann took it over his shoulder, having outsped and outmaneuvered his man. If anything can give the bomb a good name again that pass did.

In the first quarter the Colts' starting quarterback, Marty Domres, had been knocked out of the game, the convergence of Holmes and White having turned him into the center of an Oreo cookie. Replacement Bert Jones, who can also hum a football, made an unsuccessful effort to get into the aerial act, and the next time the Steelers got the ball Gilliam needed only three plays to go 64 yards.

Each of these plays was a pass. One was to Frank Lewis for 20 yards. The second was to Swann for 40, and the third was a four-yard looper to Lewis over on the right side for a touchdown to make the score 16 0 at the half.

In the third quarter, Bert Jones squirmed out of one ambush for a one-yard gain—causing Holmes, who got up to game weight by eating "two lobsters, some crabs, a bunch of shrimps and two burgers," to bang the ground in frustration. An interference call in the Pittsburgh secondary and Jones' passes to Tight End Ray Chester and Wide Receiver Glenn Doughty brought the ball down to the Steeler 18.

But that was about it for Jones and the Colts. Mel Blount intercepted for the Steelers, and several passes and a couple of ground plays later (yes, ground plays) Franco Harris completed a 70-yard drive with a battering-ram run of four yards into the end zone.

The Colts fumbled and Gilliam took over again, throwing this time to Frenchy Fuqua. Fuqua recently got a $10,000 bonus—which he has probably spent by now on several gold lame capes—from the New York WFL Stars by signing a contract for 1976 although the Pittsburgh front office maintains that he is bound to the Steelers until 1977. He proved just as cute when Gilliam popped him with a short pass. The Frenchman juked, butted and squirted for 18 yards, and two plays later he ran for four yards through a bunch of people for the Steelers' fourth touchdown.



The starter wore battle dress. Quarterbacks Gilliam, Bradshaw and Hanratty, and Coach Noll

There were also a field goal and three extra points by Roy Gerela in there somewhere, but this was a game of arms and hands more than feet.

Seldom last year did a Steeler quarterback pass for as many yards in a whole game as Gilliam did last Sunday in the second quarter alone, when he completed nine of 11 for 151 yards.

Everyone knows how deep the Steelers are in quarterbacks. Behind Gilliam are last year's starter, Terry Bradshaw, who lost his assignment after Gilliam's outstanding exhibition season and says now that he wants to be traded, and last year's No. 2, Terry Hanratty, who played the fourth quarter against the Colts. Pittsburgh's depth in receivers and pass protectors is almost as impressive. Gilliam was able to find so many different targets that rookie John Stallworth, the Steelers' most impressive receiver during the exhibition season, caught only two passes and veteran Ron Shanklin, last year's team leader in receptions, had no receptions. The men who held the Baltimore rush away from Gilliam included Tackle Jon Kolb, who has been emerging as one of the best and strongest offensive linemen in the game; Center Ray Mansfield, Guard Sam Davis, Tackle Gordie Gravelle; Jim Clack, who switched from center to guard and bowled over one tackler so beautifully that Gilliam broke up in laughter, Gerry Mullins, who played both guard and tackle, and Mike Webster, who is that rare thing, a rookie who seems to be holding his own as an offensive guard. In the six exhibition games Steeler quarterbacks were sacked only three times.

So solid is the Steeler offensive front these days that Coach Chuck Noll felt free last week to trade away injured eight-year veteran Guard Bruce Van Dyke, who made the Pro Bowl last year and was described by a sad Steeler fan after the deal as "one of the well-likedest guys in town." Van Dyke, who got along with everyone in town but Noll, was best known for his work as a pulling guard, often in front of Franco Harris. The Steeler offense this year is clearly going to be geared not to the run but to the classic drop-back passing which Gilliam has been a wonder at since his college days.

Maybe "classic" isn't exactly the word. Gilliam often seems to be throwing off the wrong foot or with both of them in the air. He tends to hold the ball down low instead of up by his ear before he throws, but his delivery is so quick that he gets the ball off faster than most anybody anyway.

It is also not classic for a quarterback to smile and bounce around with both hands in the air after a successful play. But that too is Joe Gilliam. So what. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.

FOGGILY, SOGGILY, COURAGEOUSLY

That was the pattern as the U.S. defender opened strong in the America's Cup in murky, disappointing air **by CARLETON MITCHELL**

Off Newport the name of the game was frustration. It had been bad enough to have the final trials to select a defender of the America's Cup hampered by fog and/or lack of wind, but for the spell of freak weather to turn an anticipated slambang series between Australia's *Southern Cross* and the U.S. Twelve, *Courageous*, into drifting matches—or, worse, no races at all—was a malign prank of fate. In the opening week only two races were sailed, and those left much to be desired as true tests.

For three days prior to the ultimate hour of decision in *their* competition no races between defense candidates *Intrepid* and *Courageous* had been completed. And so it had come down to a sudden-death sail-off with the score in the final trials tied 4–4. *Courageous* won by 1 47 on the fresh wind and boisterous seas the selection committee had long been awaiting. Unfortunately, the issue of sheer boat speed remained unsettled when *Intrepid* parted a running backstay and blew out a jib. But *Courageous*' impressive performance in conditions that many had thought would favor *Intrepid* made her the logical choice, and *Intrepid* had honed *Courageous* to an edge she could never have achieved otherwise.

Streaming from Newport harbor to watch the opening of the defense came upwards of 1,000 spectator craft, all to be swallowed by fog far from the starting line. For three hours *Southern Cross* and *Courageous* sailed aimless holding patterns, but finally the fog thinned to thick haze and course signals were hoisted in an 11-knot sou'wester. Australia's Jim Hardy, the helmsman of what he probably believed to be the faster boat, made a perfect start on port tack, the *Cross* moving well toward the favored side of the course and able to come back on starboard, assuring right of way if neither boat was clear ahead. Dennis Conner, the starting helmsman on *Courageous*, crossed the line on starboard.

Courageous tacked to port two minutes after clearing the line, and for the next 20 minutes the boats sailed parallel courses, though widely separated. The challenger seemed to be moving faster, eating out into the haze, pointing high and footing well. When she tacked, onlookers held their collective breath to see if the defender could cross ahead when they met. She could not. As *Courageous* tacked to leeward of *Southern Cross*, cheers came across the water from Aussie boosters. For 123 years seekers after the cup had been trying to field a superior boat, and it appeared during those first moments that one had finally arrived from halfway around the world.

But now it became *Courageous*' turn to reassure her supporters. Under the hand of Skipper Ted Hood, who had taken over on the last day of trials, she began squeezing up on *Southern Cross*. The defender narrowed the gap to windward while moving faster. Meanwhile, both boats were nearing the lay line to the first mark; when they came to the point where they could make it, *Courageous* held on, forcing *Southern Cross* to sail with her and then fall dead in her wake when both bore off. The defender's margin was 34 seconds, but *Southern Cross* was within striking distance on the subsequent reach, heralded as her best point of sailing. Disappointingly, she dropped another 59 seconds on that and the following reach, and the gap grew wider at each successive mark as the wind lightened. At the finish *Southern Cross* trailed by 4 54.

Dennis Conner summed up the reaction of the American side when he said, "I think the race was misleading; we don't feel there was anything like a five-minute difference between the boats."

But the Aussies, victims of their own psychological-warfare campaign of proclaiming *Southern Cross* the fastest 12-





PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE SILK

meter yacht ever built, were in shock. Questioned the next day how he had slept following the loss, Hardy replied, "Like a baby—I woke up every two hours and cried."

The boats remained fogbound in harbor that day; the next brought a sou'wester of moderate strength. When course signals were hoisted the rival helmsmen began a cat-and-mouse chase through the privileged "flag" fleet—the tenders, syndicate members and press, allowed to cluster close behind the starting buoy. There was near disaster as *Courageous* on starboard tack met *Southern Cross* coming around the stern of a motor yacht. A collision was avoided, but protest flags went up in the rigging of both Twelves. At the start *Southern Cross* attained the safe leeward position, putting *Courageous* in her backwind, forcing the defender to tack almost immediately. The *Cross* covered, but *Courageous* was moving faster, for soon the challenger, falling back, was forced to split away. For the next quarter hour there were frequent tacks, with only loose cover by *Courageous*. At one point she went to the east on a long leg, letting *Southern Cross* go. *Southern Cross* continued to the west, found a favoring slant, and at 24 minutes after the start, coming back on starboard tack, forced *Courageous* to dip under her stern. Again cheers sounded from the Aussie supporters, but their joy was short-lived. In a tactical blunder that will long be the talk of the antipodes, *Southern Cross* failed to cover, letting *Courageous* continue unmolested into the same area which had favored her. On coming back, *Courageous* was ahead, and when both tacked on the lay line the challenger was once again forced to trail ignominiously at the buoy by the same margin as on the first day—34 seconds.

Applying "cover," whereby the leading skipper keeps his rival in the disturbed wind flowing off his sails or, if widely separated, stays between him and the next mark, is the cardinal rule of match racing. Now failure to cover had lost each skipper his lead, with the defender on the lucky end of the exchange. Yet superior speed can provide the possibility of recovering; if *Southern Cross* could close the gap to blanket *Courageous*, she might be able to pass. Gain she did, but not enough. At the next mark the challenger had shaved only six seconds off the margin, and *Courageous* took it back on the following leg. On the three remaining legs *Courageous* gained decisively on the pair to windward while *Southern Cross* managed to salvage a scant 11 seconds on the run. Significantly, the defender widened the lead on the last beat, when the wind was clocked at 16 knots, enough strength to give an indication of heavy-weather performance, and the final margin was 1:11. Thus although Aussie leader Alan Bond chose to lament tactical lapses, the race committee reports told a different story; of the 12 legs sailed in the first two races, *Southern Cross* had moved faster on only two. Bond went far afield in complaining that Aussie tacticians were at a disadvantage in playing wind shifts since they had not been allowed "to become accustomed to the waters," implying that the New York Yacht Club had kept them away. For many weeks the Australians had had freedom of the seas off Newport.

Finally a day dawned bright and clear, with 20 knots of wind from the southwest—ideal conditions to get a true reading on a pair of racing yachts. As the International Jury under the chairmanship of Italy's Beppe Croce had disallowed both protests, the score stood 2–0 in favor of *Courageous*. When the fleet reached the starting buoy, the wind was even fresher and a steep sea had built. The committee boat anchored and hoisted course signals. Then—anticlimax: a solid wall of fog rolled in from seaward. For two long hours boats groped and wallowed in nearly zero visibility until it became too late to make a start.

The next day a pleasant nor'wester began to die before the Twelves had completed even half the first leg, and further progress was a painful study in slow motion. When the time limit for completing the 24.3-mile course ran out after 5 hours 30 minutes of misery for crews and spectators alike, *Courageous* was far ahead after only rounding the fourth mark. If the race proved anything, it was that boats—and especially *Southern Cross*—cannot sail without wind, but Alan Bond had not yet protested the powers that should provide it. **END**

In the all-too-prevalent haze Couregeous crosses ahead of the challenger on a beat.



A HALL OF FAME GATE-CRASHER

Golf's own Cooperstown was dedicated in Pinehurst last week and 13 masters of the game were inducted, but in the tournament that followed, winner Johnny Miller indicated he, too, wants a pedestal **by DAN JENKINS**

A White House hacker named Gerald R Ford won low President, golf's new Hall of Fame building edged out the Northpark shopping center in Dallas for architecture, half the field tied for the World Open after 72 holes in the pines and sand of North Carolina. Frank Beard set some kind of a record for a ball taking had bounces as it came off a putter—that's how the pros sometimes say they blew a short one—Jack Nicklaus turned mortal again. Tom Weiskopf lost another hout with himself, and when the last big tournament of the year finally ended last week Johnny Miller (yawn, nod, chin on chest) had won again

To get the necessary and impressive statistics out of the way first, it was Miller's seventh victory of the year, the 10th of his fresh career, and the $60,000 first prize sent his 1974 earnings screaming up to $316,383, making it all but certain that he will break the money-earning record for a single year that Nicklaus set two seasons ago. Miller needs roughly $4,000 more to do it. A mere bagatelle in the financial world of the touring pro.

As for the quality of all this achievement, by conquering wonderful old Pinehurst No 2, Miller emphasized the fact that he is a fairly nifty customer on some of the game's finer layouts Who else today can boast that he has scored a couple of pure knockouts over such treasured relics as Oakmont and Pinehurst? Miller ran a 63 into the veins of each

It was, in fact, Miller's eight-under 63 in the second round at Pinehurst that vaulted him into the World Open lead, and thereafter it was his classy variety of shotmaking that enabled him to get into and survive the theatrics of last Sunday evening's four-way sudden-death playoff.

"I shoot low rounds because I'm not afraid to keep making birdies," Johnny said later "Most guys go out there, make a couple of birdies and think to themselves, 'Gee, I hope I can get in with a 69, that would be a good score today.' When I start hitting it close and getting them in the hole, I try to keep doing it. I want to make all I can to make up for the round I may have tomorrow when nothing drops "

Actually, what it all came down to, in terms of Miller's victory, is that he hit a delicate and dangerous little chip shot just perfectly on the final hole of the tournament to save his par and join Nicklaus, Frank Beard and Bob Murphy in the swatfest that began on the 15th tee—the first televised hole, of course

There, Murphy picked up on his way to a double bogey On 16, Miller, displaying the stylish and almost effortless way he swings a golf club, laced a gorgeous three-wood through the tunnel of pines on the 504-yard par-5 hole that came to rest eight feet from the cup.

Beard, who blew winning putts on the last green and on the first sudden-death green—putts of only six feet—had reached the green, but he was 40 feet away and Miller's beautiful shot must have disheartened him because the 40-footer hurtled 12 feet past the hole. When he could not sink it coming back, Beard was out.

It was after Miller's beauty on 16 that Nicklaus had to try to duplicate a shot he had made earlier in the day with his trusty one-iron. This time he pulled the hall into an awkward lie just off the green, had virtually no chance to get his chip shot close, and did not That was basically it. Miller wound up with the luxury of being able to two-putt from eight feet for another championship

"I guess you can say that Johnny's good shot caused me to hit a had one," said Nicklaus. "But although I knew he was close, I knew it wasn't an easy putt. So I lost another golf tournament, hut I never enjoyed playing a golf course more Pinehurst No 2 is fabulous I learned about five things about design this week—on a course 50 years old."

Jack should have Old Pinehurst No 2 stands the test of time, like Sam Snead. It may give up a 63 now and then to a Johnny Miller and the modern golf ball and club shaft, but it pulled the field back to a winning total of 281 despite its wide and utterly level fairways, despite the absence of a single water hazard and despite the fact that not one of those thousands of trees ever comes into play. Pinehurst No 2 is in a sense an inland links, a subtle and haunting course that makes the golfer choose the right club on every shot or else pay a penalty.

If any other testimony is needed, let it he pointed out that Miller's other three rounds were all over par.

It was fortunate that the course held its own against as strong a field as golf can assemble and that it produced as a winner the guy, Miller, who has been doing it everywhere else. This was not the last tournament of 1974 hut it marked the emotional end of the season, being the last of the "designated" events—the ones where everybody had to show up. Thus, it provided an opportunity to reflect on what kind of a year it has been Weird. That is the best way to sum it up

It was the year in which.

Miller won the first three tournaments,

continued

Hogan and the President share a confidence, Palmer and Nicklaus a giggle as the newest sporting monument is off and bubbling

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

then four more—but in between performed horribly in the four major championships, the ones he wanted the most.

Everyone had the feeling Nicklaus played poorly because he missed taking one of the Big Four, but he won twice and finished in the top 10 in 13 out of the 17 tournaments he entered.

An abnormal number of nine players won a tournament for the first time, those being Leonard Thompson, Allen Miller, Rod Curl, Bob Menne, Tom Watson, Richie Karl, Vic Regalado, Forrest Fezler and Lee Elder, who will become the first black to play in the Masters.

A record 19 men scooped up more than $100,000 in prize money even though the total of the purses for the year is less than in 1973.

Hubert Green won three tournaments, proving he is a far better player than anyone thought.

Dave Stockton won three, insinuating the same thing.

Weiskopf, last year's hero, failed to win a single event, and in fact left Pinehurst by intentionally disqualifying himself, acting up again with his backhanded putting stroke and facing the very real possibility of a suspension. Pinehurst was the third time this year that Tom had "not tried" publicly, and his friend, Nicklaus, said he ought to "grow up" and take a lesson from Arnold Palmer, who was having just as bad a streak but was out there giving his best all the time, "like the champion he is."

It was also the year in which:

Gary Player won two of the Big Four (Masters and British Open) and was a serious contender in the other two (U.S. Open and PGA), offering some evidence that a modern Grand Slam is possible for someone other than Nicklaus.

Lee Trevino spent half the year complaining and performing indifferently, and then suddenly won the PGA, his fifth major title in seven years, and followed that up by overtaking Gary Player and beating him in the World Series.

Ben Crenshaw revealed himself to be human, but at least survived his rookie year—and a lot of magazine covers.

Lanny Wadkins got into the first slump of his career, and when last seen was having difficulty handling it.

Jim Dent made it official. He *is* the game's longest hitter.

Sam Snead kept rolling along.

And after getting rid of Arnold Palmer, Lanny Wadkins, Jim Simons, Eddie Pearce and Len Thompson, Wake Forest finally won the NCAA.

Along with everything else that could be summed up after last week, Pinehurst designated itself as the official home of golf with a huge social event in connection with the tournament, all of the festivities adding up to what the sponsors modestly proclaimed a "Grand Week of Golf."

The week began with everyone wishing Gerald R. Ford would grant a pardon to the heat. On Wednesday afternoon thousands gathered near the 4th green of Pinehurst No. 2 for a variety of ceremonies designed to help open the World Golf Hall of Fame.

There were 13 inductees into the hall, eight of them among the living, and it was a remarkable scene, all of them seated on a platform in Chamber of Commerce garb, perspiration soaking them through, looking as if they wished somebody would hurry up and dedicate the dam. On one side of the speaker's rostrum were Ben Hogan, Sam Snead and Byron Nelson, in that order, like a row of retired bankers, while on the other side were Nicklaus, Palmer and Player. Beyond, were Gene Sarazen and Patty Berg. And in memory were Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Francis Ouimet, Harry Vardon and Babe Zaharias.

The Hall of Fame is a handsome structure, built at a cost of $2.5 million, all white and columned and surrounded by water fountains, and it stands quietly in the tall trees that abound in the golfing paradise of Pinehurst itself. It was built by the Diamondhead Corporation, which owns Pinehurst now, and Diamondhead is principally Bill Maurer. No one in golf really likes the idea that a company interested in selling land and condominiums built and established the Hall of Fame, but there didn't happen to be one until Bill Maurer did it.

As he said last week, "Everybody else had a shot at doing it for 600 years and nobody did. If somebody else wants to build another one, fine. But I like the score I'm in the clubhouse with."

That meant Maurer liked the building, the fact that all the Hogans and Nicklauses showed up, and that the President of the United States was on hand to help with the dedication and enshrinements. Indeed, it will not harm the credibility of the Hall of Fame that the sports enthusiast from Washington, D.C. arrived smoking a pipe in a motorcade, turned down Gerald R. Ford Boulevard, sat on the platform next to Ben Hogan, spoke, and then went out and played nine holes.

While the gallery consisted mostly of Secret Service personnel, Ford stepped up on the first tee and outdrove Palmer and Player, which might have been an indication that they were destined to miss the cut in the real tournament that would follow. The President played the first three holes with Palmer, Player, Nicklaus and PGA Commissioner Deane Beman. He played the next three with Nelson, Sarazen, Berg and Congressman Earl Ruth. Then he played the last three with Snead, Pinehurst President Don Collett and North Carolina Governor Jim Holshouser. Hogan galleried. For the record, Ford shot a 48, despite his good tee shot and a closing par.

The President did not spend much time browsing through the Hall of Fame because there isn't much to see there now except some nice portraits by Anthony Wills, some dreadful plaques by Medallic Art and a huge sculpture of Bobby Jones by Clemente Spampinato, which depicts Jones finishing low and slightly off balance, leaning forward—which he never did—and staring at the floor as if he had just topped the shot.

The nicest thing about all of the festivities was the responses of the inductees. They ranged from deeply emotional and appreciative to humorous, and there was no question that the participants enjoyed being thrust into each other's company. Gene Sarazen's remarks were best.

"I feel lonely up here," he said, reflecting on the absence of Jones, Hagen, Ouimet. "All of my colleagues are gone. They're waiting on the tee in another Hall of Fame, expecting me to complete the foursome. But I keep telling them, 'You better go ahead and start, boys. I'll catch you on the back nine.' "

Privately, Hogan said to Nicklaus, who has only won 14 major championships, "Jack, if you'd get off your duff, you'd spread-eagle the whole world."

It might have been more appropriate if Hogan had been speaking to Miller. Also, it might have been more apt if Miller had hit that shot to the 16th hole in the playoff with a mashie niblick or something from the display cases in the Hall of Fame.

But in a way, Miller agreed with Ben Hogan.

"I need to be motivated," Miller said. "I'm glad Jack is around." **END**



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TODAY IS JOY TO THEIR WORLD

It is time for proud jubilation in Indian country, for riding the wild wind—the whirling bull and the bronc—for dancing and hoopla

by WILLIAM EASTLAKE

The show begins inside the Indian Exhibit Hall with tons of silver and mountains of turquoise beneath sails of hanging, billowing, handwoven rugs, the glory flags of Indian country.

Outside in the rodeo arena the Zuñi band goes boom boom boom. The banners of all the great Indian lands are paraded on darting, splash-colored, gay horses. The Gallup Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial has begun.

The faces in the crowd are mostly Indian. Faces that belong with the mesas, the clean and final sky, the piñon and the mesquite and sage. Faces that perfectly belong. "It is possible," an Anache says, "to tell which nation an Indian is from by his face, the way an Indian wears his outfit and his style."

This is Navajo country, so as well as talking of the coming events they talk, too, about becoming the 51st State. They talk, too, about expropriating the Anglo traders on occupied Indian land. The Indians talk of independence and horses and cattle and sheep and piñon nuts and cradleboards and rug looms. The Indians talk with love of the wide land, too, because together they perfectly belong.

Behind the rodeo stands, the Indian performers are busy with blacksmithing, rubbing down their bright ponies, cursing the delays, bargaining for the use of a good mount, moving with the quick lithe grace of athletes in supreme condition. But always Indian, always with the genius of place carved on the strong quiet faces. Today is joy to their world. Today is the Indian as hero. The Indian doing something true and well in a ceremony—in a country—of himself.

The first event is the wild horse race. This is uniquely Indian. An Oglala Sioux, talking into the stolid silence of four waiting Kiowa bull-riders, says, "The rodeo, the original rodeo, was started by Indians—the Indians were the first true horse people. The first to play with horses. The white rodeo people only discovered how to make money out of the rodeo." The Kiowas agree with the Oglala Sioux.



The wild horses are released from the chutes, trailing ropes. The idea is to drag the wild horse down, saddle this tornado and ride this wild wind across the arena—which is impossible. There are four wild horses and four teams of three Indians each. They all expect to win—which is impossible. A Blackfoot grabs the lead rope of a wild pinto, is dragged until he loses his shirt and then is flung gaily into the Zuñi band. The pinto stands at attention and expects some applause from the crowd, but the crowd is watching a group of Navajos who have a hammerlock on a wild bay and are forcing it to pay attention by biting its ear, which is against the rules. But the judges, who may be Crow or Zuñi, both apparently have failing eyesight.

The Apaches are throwing the saddle on another wild bay when they suddenly disappear, all the Apaches disappear in a violence of dust, leaving the horse all alone. The Apaches were probably thrown somewhere out there among the spectators. No one knows. But somewhere out there a Modoc Indian named Sonny Jim James has a good hammerlock on an Appaloosa. His tribesman slips on a saddle without the Appaloosa suspecting. A third Indian jumps on, the Appaloosa explodes, and the three Modocs have won the wild horse event before you can say, "We lost the wagon train."

Three Navajos lean on the calf chute, all wearing Seventh Cavalry badges, which seem ironic and popular ornaments among the Indians this year. The Navajos are getting ready for the calf roping. One says, "If I miss one day of practice roping, I know it. If I miss two days' practice, my friends know it. If I miss three days' practice, the world knows it." Dugan LeBeaux, a Dakota Oglala Sioux and all-round champion in '73, walks off to study the bulls for the bull-riding event. He will practice by looking at the bulls. He will win.

Now the rodeo announcer, Frankie Marianito, a Navajo wit from Window Rock, announces he wants to welcome all the Indians from Texas to the United States. Then he announces that the Indian who had streaked across the rodeo grounds was a hoop dancer by the name of Running Bare.

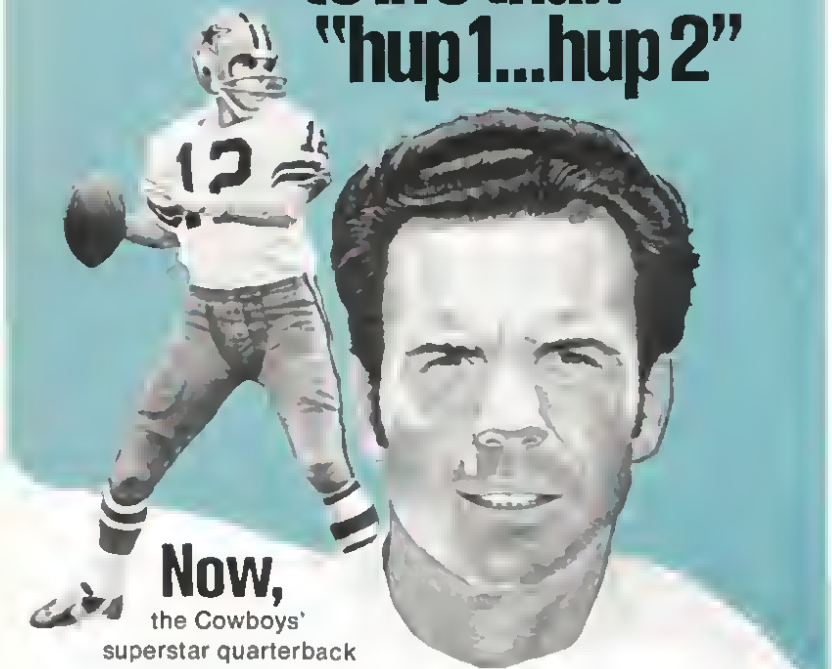
The calf roping commences after a song by the Indian band. The object in calf roping is to rope and tie the calf in nothing flat. An Indian named Morgan comes closest to nothing with a time of 14.2 seconds. A good horse is 90% of the game. And practice. A Yakima Indian says, "Morgan will practice roping *on* if you're not looking."

The bareback bronc riding follows fast. The object here is to get killed and

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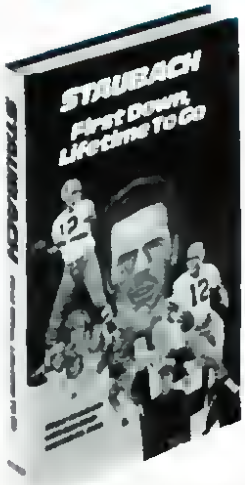
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make the judges believe you are enjoying it. The good luck is to draw a bad horse, a horse that will try to kill you. Otherwise there is no show. The people will want their money back. If you have ever been on an airplane exploding in mid-air then you know the exact sensation of riding a bronc bareback. Northern Indian tribes, a Crow says, practice this by riding elk. The Indians can't afford to blow up airplanes. Elk are free.

The judges glance at the first Indian rider out of the chute and then look away, and you know the rider has failed to spur the horse on the first jump and has already been disqualified. But no one knows this until the ride is over unless they have watched the judges carefully. The bareback rider has nothing to hold onto except air and a strap, so it is no mystery that most end up busted, twisted, broken, and, ah, yes, happy.

After the bronc riding is the Navajo Feather Dance, a delicate weaving pattern of joy in color and movement. You realize how corrupt modern white dancing has become; what was once a primitive communal ecstasy has been reduced to a colorless mechanical mapping out of movements with no relation to poetry, no regard to earth, to people, to the animal in people. Then the Going Home Dance of the Pima, a serpentine study in light, then the Hummingbird Dance of the Taos, a movement of small birds on a great plain. But the Eagle Dance of the Zuñi is something the world has been waiting for, that alone is worth a trip to Gallup, N. Mex. With the dancers we become bright-colored birds soaring alone above all of death and life and are free.

The gambit and opportunity in steer wrestling is to leap from your running horse onto the back of a steer and throw the 500-pound animal flat. The problem is that the steer objects, even if Indians are attempting it, so the Indians have never seen so many failures in their lives. Lo, the poor Indians; all power to the steers. (What in the hell were you trying to do on my back?)

A Blackfoot says that the next event is the biggest thing since Custer—the saddle bronc-riding event. The Indian can manage very well without a saddle, but the Indian is becoming soft. What the automatic transmission is to the white, the saddle is to the Indian. But the Indian

continued

EDITION

WEATHER: Sunny, Breezy, Cooler

LUME 506, No. 27—

BIG THREE UP!

G.M., Ford, Chrysler Hike Prices.

DETROIT--To keep up with recent rises in the price of steel, the Big Three auto manufacturers announced new increases on cars and options

This is GM's seventh price rise since the end of the '73 model year Increases have included not only the basic vehicle but extra standard equipment, optional equipment and destination charges The increases average over $550 per vehicle over final '73 model prices

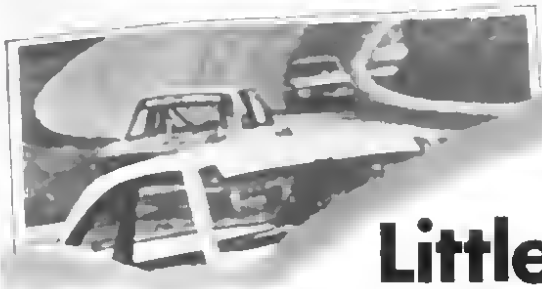
It was the sixth [illegible]

Ford and Chrysler, hiking their prices a total aver age of $584 and $458 respectively

Extraordinary Increases

The multiple price increases put into effect by the auto makers are unusual for the industry, which in the past tried to limit increases to one per model year

However, the recent rises in the cost of materials have forced the auto mak[illegible] as quickly [illegible]



Little One Down!



Volkswagen Announces The $2499 Love Bug.

A Specially Equipped, Limited Edition Beetle.

© Volkswagen of Americ[illegible] 1974 *Love Bug P O E , Suggested Retail Price, Local Taxes and Other Dealer D[illegible] Charges Add[illegible]

will go along with the saddle for the show. Fame is the spur. The wild bucking horse is the challenge. Above the chute a Winnebago Sioux is about to dump a contestant into the saddle. The Sioux may be the last person to see him alive. But there is no sentiment, no fond farewells. The Indian rider is thinking, dreaming of the half a thousand dollars to be won or lost on the toss of a horse. The Indian rider named Realbird is trying to catch Sonny Jim James in all-round points, but both are behind Dugan LeBeaux, the Oglala Sioux.

The chutes, which are below the announcers' and photographers' stand, begin to rattle and quake. You expect a photographer to come crashing down, but instead the chute opens, Realbird reaches for the sky, gives a perfect ride but does not have the perfect horse. Realbird will settle for a tie in the saddle bronc event.

Now the Isleta Pueblo dancers, on weaving feet and accoutered in outrageous colors, prance lightly in flower patterns. All Indian dances are choreographed for performance on dirt so that all movement is definite and precise.

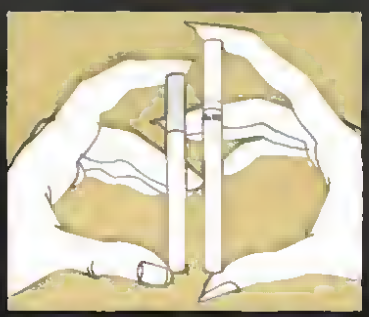
Now the hoop dancers hit the arena. They throw down their hoops, retrieve them with their feet and wiggle them up their bodies without ever touching them with their hands. The hoop dancers bring down the house—that is, they pound the earth so hard with their violent dancing that any house in the area would fall down. There are no houses in the area, so the hoop dancers quit far, far ahead to a riot of applause.

The Navajo Squaw Dance is a pretty tame affair. Couples locked arm in arm go through a series of configurations to chanting, cut up with coyote yells and the bang bang bang of a great big drum.

The team roping gets off well enough. The header ropes the head of the steer and the heeler the rear legs of the steer. The heeler must throw the loop to catch the moving rear legs, and that, my Anglo friends, is quite a trick. For Indians it is a breeze. The Indians make it look easy. Try it sometime. As a team roper it is possible to be a champion well into your 60s. Something for your old age. Navajo Paul Arviso has been competing in rodeos for 40 years. His grandfather was captured by the Apaches and ransomed back for a horse. Since then his whole family has been involved with horses, with the exception of Paul Jr., who makes some of the best Navajo jewelry in Indian country.

The hide race is for the very young. A child is pulled on a dried cowhide around the arena in clocked time. The object is not to fly off on the turns. No child does. They all seem quite happy. They all win. The hide race is a carryover from the buffalo-hide race with which the Indians celebrated a successful buffalo hunt.

The wild cow scramble seems like nothing but pure damn foolishness. The idea is to pull down one of the wild cows running loose in the ring and milk from it

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enough milk to pour out in front of the judges. Do this and you have won and got a cut lip and maybe a broken arm.

The big event is saved for last. Anybody can ride a bull, but no one can. That is, all you have to do is hang on and get the beautiful huge thing to buck. Getting it to buck is easy; after that, the trouble starts. Indians are excellent at bull riding, and Dugan LeBeaux, the Oglala Sioux, is the best. He is lucky to draw an enormous Charoles, and he has the skill and courage to stay on. Some bulls are spinners and others are hookers. LeBeaux's bull is a hooker and a spinner. A spinner bucks fast in a tight circle until the rider "can't remember his butt from Wednesday," and then is thrown into the stands to contemplate a different way of life. A hooker bull will catapult the rider forward, then bend his head back and hook the rider off with his horns. Once the rider is on the ground the bull examines the rider carefully before leisurely placing his sword of horns on him—he who had the temerity and stupidity to get on his back—before allowing the Indian to dart off. All this while the bull keeps telling the Indian, "Didn't anyone tell you I was a spinner and a hooker?"

But as Dugan LeBeaux sails off his bull gracefully after running out the time and winning it all—including the all-round grand prize of a two-horse trailer, plus $1,600, plus the satisfaction of frustrating the bull—he gives a look that seems to say to the bull, "Didn't anyone tell you I am Dugan LeBeaux, an Oglala Sioux, part of the crowd that took Custer?"

It is no surprise to the Indian that this is the last rodeo in Gallup because they are building an interstate highway through the rodeo grounds. The Indians were removed from much of their land 100 years ago for the railroads. It is the sign of our changing times that today, now, the Indians are moving for a new highway. But there is no sign of the changing white man or, better, the white man changing.

As Sonny Jim James, the handsome, braided, long-haired Modoc Klamath says, "There have been many changes, but no changes in scalping the Indian."

They have promised to build another ceremonial center nine miles out alongside Interstate 40 in the Red Rocks. We shall see. If they do next year—go. And enjoy it.

The grand exit parade from the arena has begun. The Zuñi band gives each of the great Indian nations a beat. The dancers are all bunched with their separate nations as they parade past in a fantastic glory of color and quick prance—the powerful Navajo, the Crow, the Yakima, the Ute, the Zuñi, the Pima, the Taos, the Kiowa, the Laguna, the Isleta, the Sandia, the Jemez, the San Juan and the big Apache nation—all celebrating an original American sport. Not a sport that destroys, but a ceremony that creates, in the style of the Indian. **END**



THERE'S GOLD IN THEM NUGGETS

The San Francisco 49ers were last in the West in 1973 but managed to field a winning all-girl team of white-booted ambassadors

by STEPHANIE SALTER

The Middle East was under siege, the Vice President of the United States had resigned, the final game of the World Series was under way and I was in a pair of red hot pants standing next to a water buffalo in Candlestick Park.

It was my final and grandest performance as a San Francisco 49er Nugget. From San Jose to the Top of the Mark, I wore the red uniform, cowboy hat and white vinyl boots that symbolize perhaps the most sophisticated and certainly the most successful promotional group in pro football. They had agreed that I could be with them for a week.

There are lavish bands like the Baltimore Colts', pompon girls like the Cincinnati Ben-Gals or the Buffalo Jills and cheerleaders like the Dallas Cowboys' long-legged knockouts. The Cowboy cheerleaders were once described as "disgraceful" by the male sponsor of another NFL pep group. "Those girls hang out all over the place," he said. To which Dallas sponsor Dee Brock responded. "If there's anything hanging out that isn't adorable, show me."

But in all the NFL, only San Francisco has the Nuggets. A Niner Nugget is not a cheerleader, and all 20 of them wince at the slightest hint that they are. They don't shake pompons or scream through megaphones. Unlike promotional groups with other teams (21 of the 26 NFL clubs had them in 1973) where the girls usually range in age from 16 to 21, the average Nugget is 27 and is closer to a gridiron version of a Dean Martin Golddigger. They sing, they dance, they sell the San Francisco 49ers.

On this particular Sunday I was one of them, shuffling around on the AstroTurf, nervously awaiting the cue to sing *You're a Grand Old Flag* before the kickoff of a game between the 49ers and the New Orleans Saints. As a woman of questionable character said in a William Powell movie, I had "come a long way and left a wide path" since donning my white boots a week before.

About those boots, and the entire costume for that matter, my first reaction when Assistant Promotions Director Robin Mitchell handed me the ensemble was "Tacky, tacky, tacky." Polyester knit hotpants (I never wore hot pants when they were *in*), white felt cowboy hat (too big) and, worst of all, white vinyl, knee-high boots. I have spent half my life making fun of white vinyl boots. They are for car hops, hookers and ladies in Terre Haute, Ind.

Nonetheless, I would sooner have been clad in a Ronald McDonald suit as I crossed the elegant lobby of the St. Francis Hotel to meet Dick Berg, who was then promotions director and boy wonder of the 49ers, and is now the general manager of pro soccer's San Jose Earthquakes. Berg was taking me to my first Nugget function in a suburban department store an hour's ride from the city. A former Stanford quarterback, onetime assistant general manager of the Seattle SuperSonics and general manager of the Continental Football League's Seattle Rangers, Berg was 30, ambitious and had the kind of good looks San Francisco PR woman Suzy Strauss described as "that little boy face that says, 'Be my friend,' and the next thing you know, you'd do anything for him." In 1969, 49er President Lou Spadia met Berg and was so impressed with his work for the Rangers that he persuaded him to come to San Francisco to help romance a city that had been less than enthusiastic about its pro football team. In his four years with the 49ers, Berg and his promotion schemes were emphatically successful.

"A few years ago the people in this city were uninterested in the 49ers," said Wide Receiver Gene Washington. "If we were winning, that was O.K., but if we lost, forget it. It's not like that now."

"I don't know if community acceptance came because of a winning football team," said Spadia, "but the 49ers are now a definite part of the community. We have gotten involved in the area and the area has responded."

As for Berg's own part in all this, he says, becomingly, "Aw, I can't take much credit. I steal most of my ideas."

One idea he did not pilfer was the Nuggets. When he proposed using girls to promote the team, no one but Spadia thought it made any sense. That was four years ago. Today the Nuggets are firmly entrenched in the Bay Area consciousness. They have recorded an album with Reserve Quarterback Joe Reed, gone on a promotional cruise to Acapulco and are as well known as some of the players.

The first crop of Nuggets neither sang nor danced. Their primary duty was to look sexy, and at that they were a complete success. So much so that Spadia began to receive protesting phone calls and visits from players' irate wives. One vented her resentment by pouring a drink over the head of a Nugget who was chatting with her husband at a cocktail party. In time, songs and dances and promotional chatter took over.



For my first appearance with the Nuggets, at a Liberty House department store, the setup was familiar: a couple of players (each of whom gets $200) and two or three Nuggets (each of whom gets $20, if she is lucky) sign autographs and pass out 49er decals, bumper stickers and books of recipes contributed by players' wives. The cookbooks were a Berg brainstorm and include everything from Sue Brodie's stuffed grape leaves to Debbie Sniadecki's instructions on how to prepare a package of frozen lasagna.

The department store gave us dinner in the Eucalyptus Room of its San Jose branch. Reed's wife Stephanie was along to shop and keep her singing husband company. Berg brought along some *Joe Reed & the Niner Nuggets* albums to sell.

After my cheeseburger and glass of California chablis ("For you girls, anything," one of the Liberty House people said when I asked for some wine) I stationed myself near the women's nightgowns and housecoats so I could smile at everyone coming off the escalator.

"Who's this?"

"Gene Washington and Joe Reed of the 49ers," I smiled.

"Who's Joe Reed?"

"Uh, he's a quarterback and that's him singing on the record you hear."

"Oh, yeah? Far out. Can I have a bumper sticker?"

Two hours and several hundred bumper stickers later (they read I'M A 49ER FAITHFUL) the store began to close. "This was a quiet one," Marian Stephenson said as we untied our cowboy hats. Marian, 30, was working toward her master's

continued



NOTHING FINER than being a 49er Nugget on a home Sunday in Candlestick Park, entertaining San Francisco football fans with songs, hot pants and bell-ringing cable-car rides.



degree in biology at San Francisco State and was a first-year Nugget. She had been a science writer for Health, Education and Welfare before deciding to go back to school for her master's. "At one of the other store functions a few weeks ago we served 1,000 Cokes to kids in an hour and 15 minutes, kept them in line to ride in the helmet cart and provided the players with extra pictures," she said. "There was a clown there who didn't know much about blowing up balloons, so we had to help him too."

The oldest of the group, Marian had never before been "un-shy enough" to attempt to be anything like a Nugget. "It





really is the wildest thing I've ever done," she says. "I left the HEW job the day before my 30th birthday. It was all very symbolic, you know."

"Hey, I saw you on TV," a little boy said to Marian.

"You did? When?"

"Last Sunday when they showed what you do."

"What did they show?"

"That you sing at the games. Can I have a bumper sticker?"

Night II was a promotional party to introduce the record album to the press and others. Peter Marino Jr., who helped produce the record, was the host, and his lavishly decorated house was open for inspection. A Dorian Gray-like portrait of Marino hung in the foyer, and at one point in the evening a guest was advised to "lie down on the fur bedspread upstairs and pretend you're a baby llama."

More than a dozen Nuggets were there (in uniform, of course). *Joe Reed & the Niner Nuggets* played softly over the stereo system. Marino had on red pants and a red 49er shirt. ("The straightest thing

CAMELS, BUFFALO, Lou Rawls and 20 Nuggets put on a halftime circus extravaganza under the watchful eye of professional sports' Flo Ziegfeld, Promotions Director Dick Berg.



I've worn in months," he confided.) Joe Reed and his wife chatted with the guests, the Nuggets stood around the sumptuously loaded dining-room table, talking to one another and putting the food away. Somebody took pictures of Reed and the Nuggets. Berg invited a few of the girls to singer Lou Rawls' opening at the Fairmont Hotel. Everybody left.

Rawls is considered a good-luck charm for teams in the Bay Area, particularly the 49ers. Seven of the eight times he has sung the national anthem before a 49er game, San Francisco has won. Berg wanted him to sing before the New Orleans game and Rawls wanted to comply but there was a problem. He was scheduled to sing before the final game of the World Series in Oakland, 25 minutes after the 49ers' kickoff. Berg assured him they would work it out.

The next evening six of us went through the maternity ward of St. Mary's Hospital with T shirts reading I'M A 49ER BABY. There were 10 new mothers and one woman still in labor (we left hers on the nightstand). The nurses oohed as we stepped off the elevator and passed an ancient nun, who eyed the boots and hot pants as if she too wished they were Ronald McDonald suits. Our Player-of-the-Night, Running Back Doug Cunningham, was late.

After the visit to the hospital, we rushed across town for a rehearsal. Before home games, the Nuggets practice two nights a week, once in the city and the other night at a motel in San Mateo. For many of the girls it means 60 or 70 miles of driving a night. Berg used to have a rule that girls who missed rehearsals would not receive their three free tickets for Sunday's game. Last year he dropped the rule.

"We don't do it anymore because we really haven't had to," he said. "Besides, I hate to do anything like that because Nuggets don't get salaries." Work without pay is the rule, not the exception, with NFL pep groups.

In addition to a run-through of our two songs for halftime, the rehearsal included a simulated tryout for me. News of the regular tryouts, normally held in April, was spread by word of mouth and by any friend of the 49ers who happened to see a pretty girl who might be able to sing. Judges included reporters, former Nuggets and friends of Dick Berg.

For my midseason tryout, Berg had assembled Glenn Thomas, the executive director of the San Francisco March of Dimes, Bill Lynch, a Coca-Cola executive, and Mike Olmstead, a pompon-routine teacher and sometime composer.

Prospective Nuggets, who must be at least 21, fill out an application that includes "Describe yourself in three words," and "What kind of animal best describes your personality?" I conveniently managed to lose my application between the hospital and rehearsal. Applicants are allowed a cocktail or two while they are being interviewed. The drinks supposedly put them in the right frame of mind for the remaining two-thirds of the tryout: singing two solos and doing a simple dance routine.

All I got was more California chablis as my judges asked, "What would you do if a married player asked you to dance at a team party and his wife was there?"

"Smile and say 'No thanks.'"

"What if a single player asked to take you home?"

"I'd let him."

"Do you realize that if there were any conflict between you and a player's wife, the organization would automatically side with the wife?"

"At the expense of truth?"

Then it was time to perform.

Nugget choreographer Marcia Harp, who studied dance in New York, was a stewardess for Pan American, is married to a soccer coach and has her master's in theater from San Francisco State, devised a simple routine. Reaching for optimum accuracy, Berg told three real Nuggets to pretend to try out with me.

Marcia showed us the steps, then stood back to watch. Jo McManus went first and did fine. She was followed by Paulette Rice, a soul sister who reminded us, "I've got natural rhythm, baby." She definitely had something I did not. Diane Tucker, a former music teacher and model who was once Miss Indiana State University, took her turn, and then I was on.

So much for the wine. I faked it, finishing with some truncated steps I dredged up from a junior high tap dance routine. They all applauded anyway.

The worst was last. I had been singing to myself all day as I walked the streets of San Francisco, trying to relax—even though they couldn't really reject me. The accompanist, Phil Reeder, said, "O.K., sing *America the Beautiful*. You do know the words, don't you?"

I made the usual jokes that nervous people who would rather die than humiliate themselves always do. Phil said, "Sing."

It was pathetic. I even felt sorry for me. It is simply impossible to produce pear-shaped tones when your stomach and heart are crowding each other for stage center in your esophagus. I hit a couple of good notes, which caused some heads to nod approvingly, but for the most part it was Mrs. Miller.

The best review came from Glenn Thomas, the March of Dimes man, who charitably remarked, "That took a lot of guts."

"I'm not a bad singer at all when I'm alone or singing in the group," Jo McManus said, "but when I tried out I sounded terrible."

"Tryouts!" Marian Stephenson grimaced. "I had to come back three times before I was selected. They made me sing *Nothing Could Be Finer Than to Be a 49er*, *God Bless America* and *America the Beautiful*. And having to dance in front of all those men!"

"I don't know how I had the nerve to go through with it," Diane Tucker said.

Thursday night rehearsals were tense as Marcia taught us the dance steps we would do to one of our songs. She ran us through the routine 10 times, struggling to retain her composure in the face of a group of people who were in a silly, irresponsible mood.

Berg explained what halftime would be about (he was still negotiating with Oakland for Rawls) and mentioned that there were a lot of absentees and maybe they would have to think about taking away some tickets. We finished with a song called *49er Power* ("From the kickoff to the gun, you'll have a lot of fun; and you'll flip 'cause we're hip").

The next morning four of us beat the sun in rising. Destination: the Round Hill Golf and Country Club, 40 miles away, for a golf tournament. Unlike the off-season tournaments, no 49er player would be participating in this one. The Nuggets' appearance at Round Hill was just goodwill for the team and good exposure for ourselves and the 49er helmet cart. Throughout the year, a Nugget might attend 12 to 20 tournaments.

Today all we had to do was smile and wish everyone good luck and pass out beer from the helmet cart as golfers got thirsty. For an hour the four of us—Diane Tucker; Pat Dennis, who has been almost everything from a model to a blackjack dealer at Lake Tahoe; and Bar-

continued

bara Perzigian, at 21 the youngest Nugget, who wants to be a sportscaster—sat in the sun and talked. The morning dew had not yet dried on the greens when the first tab tops were pulled.

"What's this?" an alpaca-attired entrant said, eyeing us. "Looks like an Alameda Rodeo." We all laughed politely.

"Yeech! Who are you? What is this?" A golfer with his railroad hat turned around backward and a can of beer in hand assaulted us. "Yecch! Forty-niners. Yecch! I'm from L.A. Go, Rams." To dispel any doubts we might have as to where his pigskin priorities lay, he began making very authentic gagging sounds, choking out "49ers" in between. It was 9:45 a.m.

"If you keep making those noises," I said, "I am going to throw up on your nice white shoes."

Fortunately, his partners called him and he moved off, gagging as he went.

A guy in brown asked Pat to pose with him before he began his round. Pat is 5' 10½" tall and often the target of unabashed affection. "Pat, I love you!" the guy in brown hollered as he teed off. "Patricia! Hey, Patricia, I love you!" We would see more of the man in brown and the Ram fan as we drove around the course and the beer flowed.

Once in a while some of the men got a kick out of blocking our helmet cart with their golf carts in order to talk to us.

"How you gals doing?" one asked.

"Just fine," we all said.

"Yes," he said, looking us over. "I can see that."

"Patricia! Give me a kiss for luck. Pat, don't leave, I love you."

"Oh, boy, look who's back. Forty-niners. Yecch! Go, Rams."

Pat offered two of her free tickets to a well-mannered golfer who said he had never seen a 49er game.

"I like to give them to people who really appreciate football and want to go," she explained.

Most of the Nuggets are interested in football and know something about the game. A few, like Kathy Kerr, a legal secretary and former actress, are rabid fans. Nearly all of them are Monday morning quarterbacks.

Then it was game day. Sunday. Ten a.m. I showed my Nugget parking pass to the stadium guard and was told I could park anywhere but where the helicopter was going to land. Dick Berg was not just whistling "Oh, say can you see" when he told Rawls they would work something out. He had hired a helicopter, bargained with the A's and devised a James Bond plan that would have Rawls sing in Candlestick at 1 p.m., fly across the Bay to Oakland to open the World Series at 1:25 and then fly back in time to emcee the 49ers' halftime show.

To emphasize the circus theme of the show, animals had been borrowed from Marine World-Africa U.S.A., among them two llamas, a bear, an elephant, a chimp, the water buffalo and a tiger. We would be joined by 25 high school kids dressed in their school mascot outfits and 400 pompon girls from California and Nevada who would compete for trophies.

The animals arrived earlier than most of the Nuggets, and all 400 pompon girls were already going through the routines they had learned when their schools paid $62 for each of them to go to Mike and Bob Olmstead's pompon camps. As I rounded the corner of the end zone, I was bashed in the face with a plastic pompon by a bouncing song leader who never knew what hit me.

By noon the field was packed with bands, a team of national cheerleader instructors, clowns, baton twirlers, rodeo people, microphones and pompon girls. Phil, our accompanist, had yet to arrive, because he was in Oakland playing the organ for his church.

The Nuggets took pictures of each other and tried out the clowns' trick bikes. Dick Berg paced the field with a walkie-talkie in hand. Someone said the tiger was too nervous to be let out of his cage onto the field and might be a late scratch.

We rehearsed our songs into the microphones, among them *Talk to the Animals*—without the benefit of Phil's piano, and we sounded very bad.

"This always happens," one of the girls lamented. "Then when the real show goes on and we sing well, no one can hear us. They think we're a bunch of no-talents and it's so embarrassing."

Walking to the motorized cable car that the Nuggets use as a combination makeup room and lounge during the game, I found myself beaming at the crowd gathering in the stands. The University of the Pacific band was playing *When You're Smiling*, the sun had come out and for once my boots didn't hurt. "I'll be a cynic again tomorrow," I thought. "Right now I wish I could do some Rockette kicks."

Ten minutes before kickoff, we were combing our hair, re-applying makeup and inspecting runs in our panty hose. A woman in red from head to toe spied me in the rest room and said, "Boy, we better do it today, huh?" I agreed.

We lined up in front of the goalposts and sang *You're a Grand Old Flag* at least six times (two or three of them in synchronization) while rodeo riders carrying American flags thundered around the stadium. Lou Rawls sang *The Star-Spangled Banner* and disappeared.

Half of us climbed aboard an antique fire truck to watch the game. Shortly before the half ended, the 49ers scored and the other Nuggets came flying around the field on the cable car, waving and ringing bells. With a few minutes left on the clock we hustled to the sidelines and were lost in a sea of pompon girls. Someone came along and told us to precede the llamas onto the field.

"At least we don't have to follow them," said a Nugget. Raffles, the chimp, dressed in a 49ers uniform, was banging his helmet on the ground (someone suggested they substitute him for Quarterback Steve Spurrier) and the water buffalo appeared to be asleep.

The helmet cart crept through the crowd of waiting performers, carrying an injured Gene Washington. He smiled, shrugged at his own misfortune and was swallowed up in a blob of pompons.

The show went off perfectly. Lou Rawls came riding in on the elephant, much to the amazement of fans who had been listening to the Series on their radios, the pompon girls danced their hearts out and a 6-year-old twirler in cotton-candy pink dropped her baton only a couple of times.

The Niner Nuggets were introduced and we sang our two songs, smiling like Miss Americas. Perhaps I imagined it, but I swear I didn't hear a single pair of hands clapping when we finished.

It was all over. We had sung and danced in front of 52,881 people. Just another Sunday in the life of a Nugget.

All the hours on the freeway, the jerks on the golf course, the cleaning bills, the tryouts—all of it for a five-minute bit in Candlestick Park.

"Who knows why they do it?" Lou Spadia says. For some it is a springboard to modeling, acting or singing. For others, the chance to be somebody besides a secretary five days a week. For one, it had something to do with that band playing *When You're Smiling*. **END**

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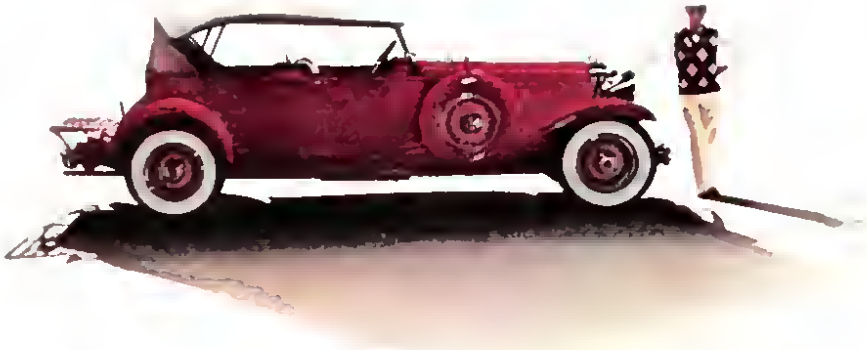
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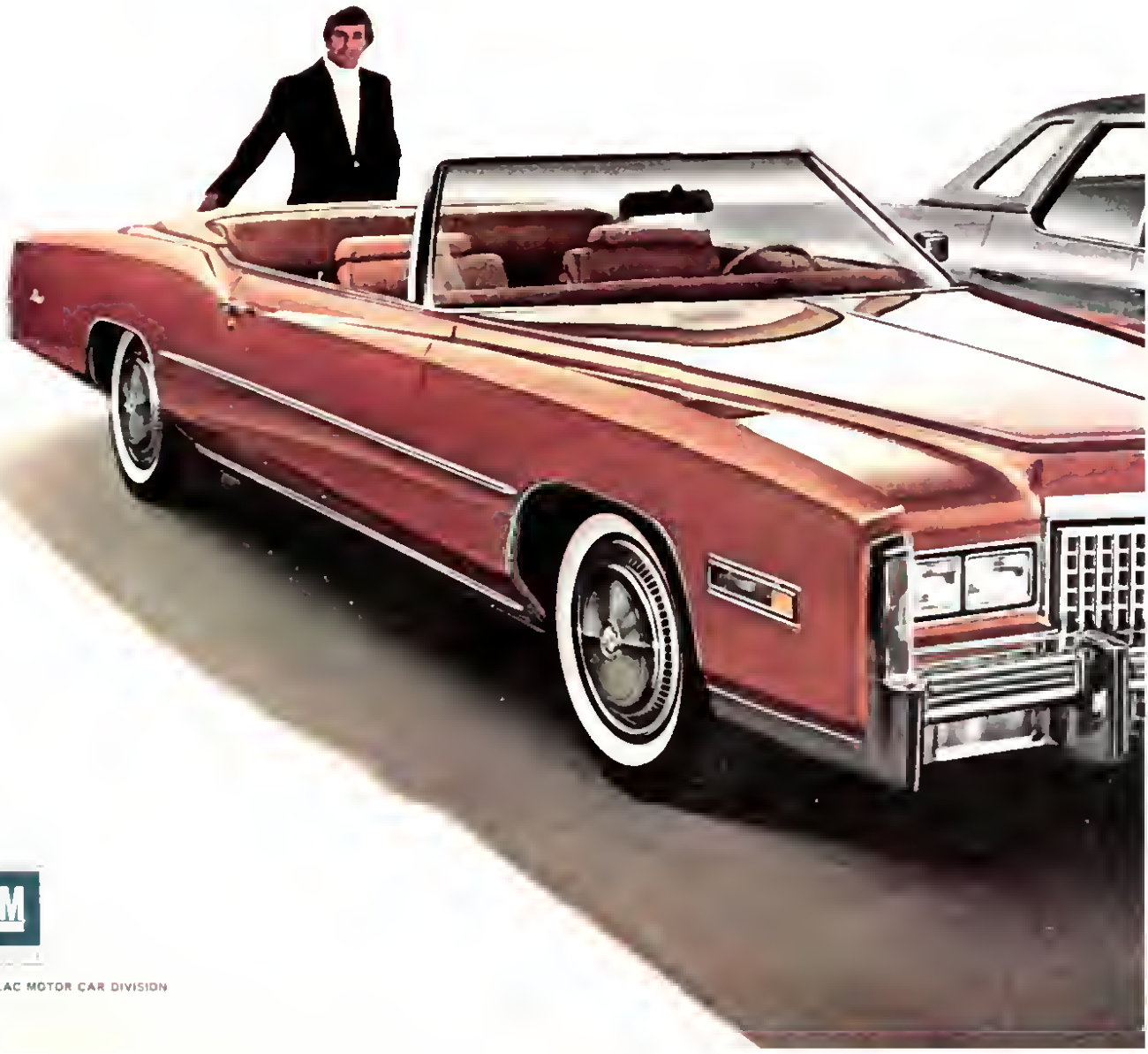
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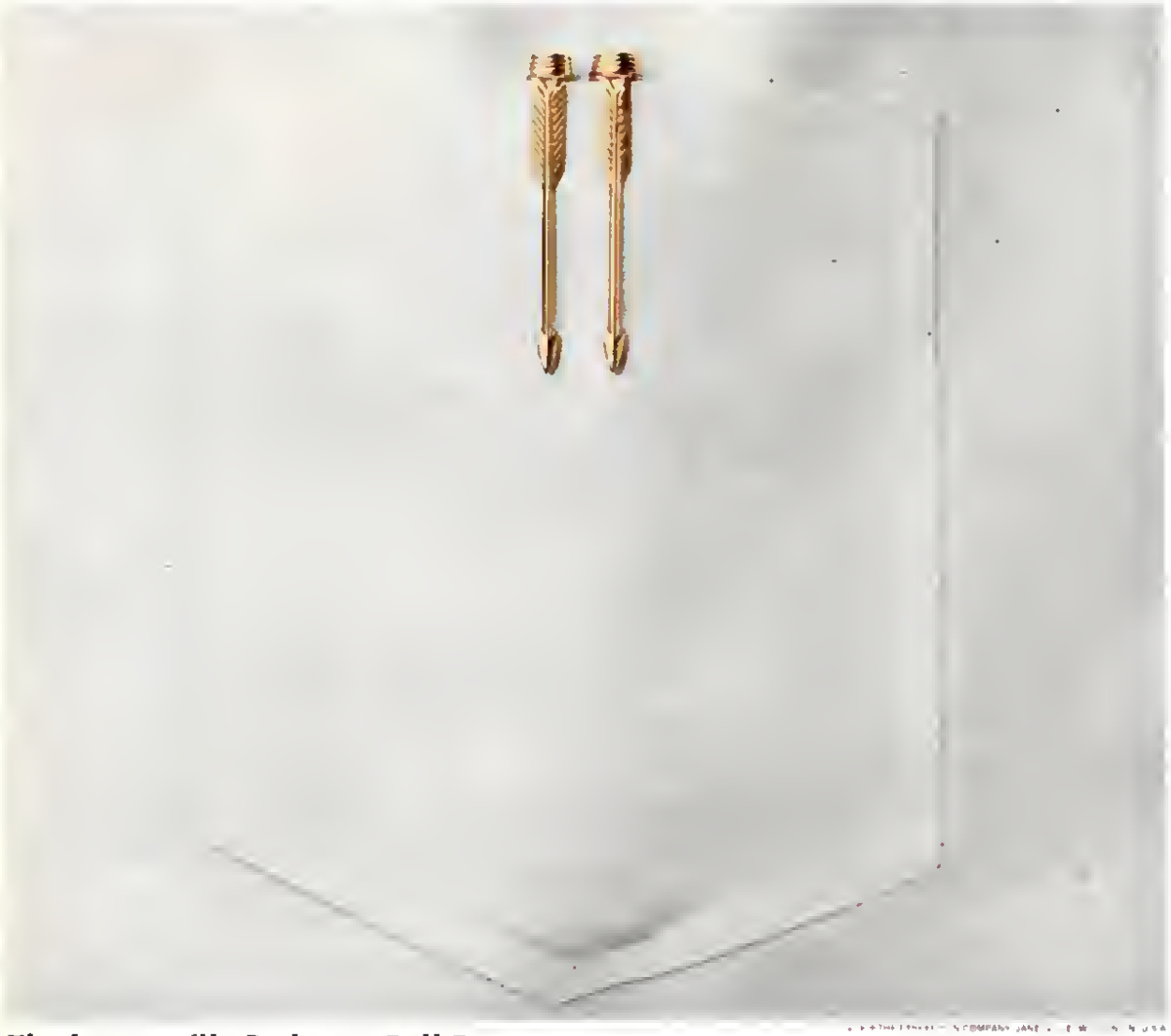
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Rare scare for the Bear

When Alabama's Bryant scheduled Maryland four years ago for his 1974 opener he wanted a marshmallow, not the 21–16 squeaker he got

"You can feel the electricity in the air!" cried the commercial running nonstop on every radio station within shouting distance of Greater Washington, D.C. last week. "Maryland vs Alabama! See the greatest football spectacle ever staged in this area!"

"Listen to that crowd!" screamed another announcer calling himself Howard Bosell and doing a simulated play-by-play with all the appropriate sound effects. "Fifty thousand fans! The largest crowd to ever attend a college game in the state of Maryland! The Alabama quarterback drops back to pass! Randy White nails him for a 13-yard loss! Listen to that crowd!"

"All-America Randy White, are you badder than old King Kong?" asked a cheerleader on a TV spot showing the massive tackle sitting in the stadium while the rock-'n'-roll ditty *Bad, Bad Leroy Brown* thumped loudly in the background. "No," said Randy, trying to hide a blush, "but I'm meaner than a junkyard dog."

"We've only just beeegun to wiiinnn," sang an off-key chorus of Terrapin players in yet another video pitch.

There was in fact no escaping the hard-sell bombarding the airwaves, the newspapers and the billboards (SEE THE TERPS PULL THE PLUG ON THE CRIMSON TIDE). Russ Potts, the U of M hustler responsible for the "Return to Glory Campaign" as well as a program that is so jam-packed with ads that it rivals the Washington telephone directory for sheer heft, offers an explanation that must qualify as the understatement of the month. "We're not at all shy about commercialism."

The aggressive enthusiasm of Potts and the 9,500 new season ticket-holders who have bought his line can be forgiven, for the Terrapins actually have a quality football team to peddle. Indeed, not since the glory days of the mid '50s when Jim Tatum's boys were national champions one year and 10-1 another, has there been such an epidemic of pigskin fever in College Park, Md. and environs. The reason for all the raucous behavior is the performance of Coach Jerry Claiborne, the soft-spoken perfectionist who came to Maryland's rescue two seasons ago after he was fired by Virginia Tech for allegedly committing the high crime of "dull football" and sentenced to one year of hard labor as an assistant at Colorado.

Unlike some fickle Virginia Tech fans, Maryland Athletic Director Jim Kehoe remembered that Claiborne won more games (61) than any coach in Tech history and had six straight winning seasons before slipping below the break-even mark in his last two years with the Gobblers. Kehoe hired Claiborne to replace Roy Lester, whose remark at one preseason press conference – "We have a lot of experience, players experienced in losing football games, that is"—might have been funny if it were not so painfully true.

In Claiborne's first season at College Park, the Terrapins, who had spent the previous five years losing 42 of 51 games, finished 5-5-1. Last season they were 8-4 and earned their first invitation to a postseason bash (a 17–16 loss to Georgia in the Peach Bowl) in nearly two decades.

Bear Bryant had no idea that Maryland was going to get so tough so fast when he called Kehoe in 1970 and said, "How'd y'all like to play a game of football?" The Tide had not taken on the Terrapins since a 21–0 drubbing it suffered way back in 1953, and Bryant, obviously taking note of Maryland's plight in the years since, was looking for a nice pleasant warmup game to kick off his 1974 season. The Bear likes to open with a breather, it was at Maryland in 1945 in fact that he began his head-coaching career with a game against Guilford College that, he recalled recently, "scared me to death" and "I just knew we were going to lose." What he didn't mention was that his Maryland team buried poor Guilford 60–6.

So coming to College Park to play a

continued



CALVIN CULLIVER, A FAST-MOVING TIDE TANK, RUMBLES FOR HIS FIRST TOUCHDOWN

team that is ranked in the Top Twenty was as much a surprise for Bryant as the fact that he was going to have to match wits with Claiborne, a former defensive back who played and coached under Bryant at Kentucky and was on his staff at Texas A&M and Alabama as well. "We scheduled this game a few years ago as a sightseeing trip," Bryant admitted last week, "but now we are going up there to play a football game." Claiborne himself best summed up the meaning of the drama when he said, "It will be a real challenge to our team. We will see just how far our program has progressed in two years."

A convention of surveyors from several foreign countries who were meeting in the nation's capital ordered 500 tickets to the game. But when they were informed that the U.S. version of football is not soccer, as they had presumed, they returned most of their tickets. Maryland, which tacked 15,000 extra seats on to Byrd Stadium to accommodate the record crowd of 54,412, had little trouble filling the vacancies. It was a pity, though, that the surveyors did not show up for they would have seen a sterling exhibition of what the strange pastime called college football is all about.

When on the eve of the game the M.C. at a Washington Touchdown Club luncheon said that Maryland needed all the extra tickets it could get to seat "the 5,673 players Bryant is bringing up here," Claiborne replied that "we don't have 70 players to put into a game. So we'll play 40 or so and hope for the best. I think the fourth quarter will be very significant." Later, when told that Alabama's fresh hordes were so proficient at sustaining their attack that in the final quarter last season they outscored their opponents by the margin of 147-26, Claiborne leaped from his record book to show that *his* 1973 team had enough staying power to better *its* rivals by a 114–26 margin.

Soon after the game began it looked as if it might be over well before the fourth quarter. After winning the toss, Alabama rolled 73 yards in 11 plays to score on a seven-yard blast by Calvin Culliver, a fleet fullback who sped past the Terrapins like the proverbial hare. In one series of plays in the second quarter he cracked over left guard four times in a row, his final effort resulting in a 73-yard dash that put Alabama ahead 14–0. Maryland gamely tried to rally but the Alabama defense, headed by End Mike Dubose and Tackle Charles Hannah, who is taking over where his All-America brother John left off before joining the New England Patriots, was having none of it. Sputtering out when it counted most, the Terrapins had to settle for two long field goals by Steve Mike-Mayer, a Hungarian whose kicking style would have been recognizable to the surveyors and whose older brother Nick does the same thing for the Atlanta Falcons.

With Culliver piling up 154 yards in the first half, the Tide looked all but unstoppable. Any prospect of Maryland breaking the Alabama tradition of strong finishes was quickly dismissed by one Southern journalist. "It's like tryin' to eat turnip greens with a spoon," he drawled. "There ain't no way to do it."

But there was. Claiborne's remedy of crisscrossing his tackles and ends on the defensive rush, for example, cut off Culliver so effectively that he gained but a scant 15 yards in the second half. Randy White and Linebacker Harry Walters were also harassing 'Bama Quarterback Richard Todd to the point that he turned erratic, most glaringly when he tried for a coffin-corner kick and the ball traveled only seven yards.

Bryant has come to expect the unusual from Todd. When he first saw him play, he said, "If he gets the little things down, he will be the greatest quarterback ever at Alabama. And he's going to get them down or I'll choke him to death." The Bear was ready to do exactly that when Todd, who inherited the starting slot after the No. 1 quarterback, Gary Rutledge, suffered a shoulder separation in a scrimmage two weeks ago, faked a punt and ran on fourth and five deep in his own territory. But Todd picked up a crucial first down. "I wouldn't have done it," Bryant said later. "But that's why he's our quarterback and I'm just stupid."

After Mike-Mayer added a third field goal to make it 14-9, Todd recovered his cool long enough to engineer another touchdown, but the gritty Terp defense kept snatching the ball back. On the second play of the fourth quarter Louis Carter rammed into the end zone, again narrowing the margin to five points. The key play in the drive came when Terp Quarterback Ben Kinard faked a beautifully deceptive handoff and ran for 23 yards to the Tide seven. Carter's touchdown made it 21–16 and so it remained as Alabama let the clock run out on a long and difficult afternoon.

For Maryland, a two-touchdown underdog to one of the nation's highest ranked teams, the answer to Claiborne's question about how far his team has progressed was very far indeed. For Alabama the reaction of Assistant Coach Bud Moore was typical. When someone remarked that the Tide met a pretty good football team, Moore said that considering the rough working over Alabama got, "I hope they're a *great* team."

Claiborne was in no mood for consolation talk. Shaking his head in the locker room, he said, "I'd rather play bad and win. I'm not the kind of coach who wants to play a close game."

Looking ahead to a schedule that includes Florida, Penn State and North Carolina State, Claiborne is hardly the sort to be unrealistic. "It's very possible that we'll have a better team this year but a worse record," he said.

For the moment, however, the last and most telling words belonged, as usual, to Bear Bryant. "We won the game," he said, "but we certainly didn't beat anybody."

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

MIDWEST Woody Hayes wanted Ohio State to take a big lead in its opening game against Minnesota so he could "sit in a chair on the sidelines and enjoy watching the reserves." Hayes had to put in a full day's work, however, as the Buckeyes looked good but not great in a 34-19 victory. "We can play a lot better," he said afterward. "I was disappointed in the defense."

There wasn't too much wrong with the offense. Archie Griffin scored a touchdown and ran for 133 yards to break the school's career-rushing record, while Quarterback Cornelius Greene scored twice and set up two more touchdowns with his passing. Greene threw 12 times, completed nine and had no interceptions. "It always feels good to win the first one on the road," said Hayes.

Michigan was something less than awesome, beating Iowa only 24–7. With Dennis Franklin sick, Mark Elzinga stepped in at quarterback to pass for one touchdown and rush for another.

Wisconsin defeated Purdue 28–14, marking its first road win in four years. The Bad-

continued



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gers led by only 6–0 at the half but interceptions set up a pair of third-quarter touchdowns that broke the game open. Illinois handed Indiana its 10th straight Big Ten loss, 16–0, and Michigan State, which scored only nine TDs last year, had six in a 41–7 rout of Northwestern.

Oklahoma wanted some lopsided wins early in the season to bolster its No. 1 chances, but Baylor proved uncooperative. The Sooners scored on their first possession but a rash of fumbles and penalties took them into the final quarter with a bare—and unusual—7–5 lead. Then Quarterback Steve Davis, Halfback Joe Washington and Wide Receiver Tinker Owens all scored touchdowns to spark a 28–11 victory. Washington was the real difference, rushing for 156 yards in 17 carries, a personal high. "Our game plan," said Coach Barry Switzer, "was to make as many mistakes as we could in order to get them out of our system. I don't feel our performance this afternoon justifies our No. 1 ranking."

Baylor Tailback Steve Beaird said, "Oklahoma didn't impress me at all like they did last year." But there may have been good reason for it. Sooner Defensive Coordinator Larry Lacewell said of the 5' 7" Beaird, "We haven't had much practice tackling guys that short."

After Nebraska destroyed Oregon 61–7, Coach Tom Osborne said he was glad the Cornhuskers didn't quit with a 33–0 halftime lead. "Last year we had a tendency to jump on people and then take it easy," he said. Oklahoma State was no less impressive in its 59–0 win over Wichita State, while Kansas State dropped Tulsa 31–14.

1. Ohio State (1-0)
2. Notre Dame (1-0) 3. Nebraska (1-0)

SOUTHWEST

Those once-proud Porkers from Fayetteville, who have not finished in the Top Ten since 1969, are hamming it up again. After Arkansas stunned USC 22–7, Coach Frank Broyles called it "as big a thrill as we've had in a long, long time."

For John McKay it was a bitter disappointment. Before Saturday he felt his Trojans were serious contenders for the national championship. "We threw poorly, caught poorly, tackled poorly, blocked poorly and coached poorly," McKay grumbled afterward. "Otherwise, it was a perfect day."

Defense won it for the Razorbacks, who intercepted four passes and recovered two fumbles. Turnovers set up both Arkansas touchdowns and one of its field goals. The defense also forced a safety and did not allow a point, USC's score coming on a 100-yard kickoff return by Anthony Davis.

The biggest surprise was the performance (or lack of it) by Trojan Quarterback Pat Haden, who did not complete his first pass until the last play of the third quarter. Overall he was 6 for 18. "The secondary did the best job that I've seen here at Arkansas," Broyles said. "Most of Haden's passes were on target but he just couldn't find anyone who was open to throw to."

Ike Forte and Quarterback Mark Miller scored the Hog touchdowns in the first and third quarters and Steve Little kicked a pair of short-range field goals. "I thought it was possible to beat Southern Cal," Broyles concluded, "but I never thought we could look good doing it."

It was a banner day for the Southwest Conference all around. Texas Tech thumped Iowa State 24–3, Texas A&M blanked Clemson 24–0, Southern Methodist nipped North Texas State 7–6 and Texas Christian dropped Texas-Arlington 12–3.

In an SWC game not counted in league standings, Houston defeated Rice 21–0. The Cougar touchdowns came on a school-record 91-yard run by Donnie McGraw, a 24-yard jaunt by Marshall Johnson and a seven-yard pass from David Husmann to Eddie Foster. The defense allowed only four first downs.

1. Texas (1-0)
2. Arkansas (1-0) 3. Texas Tech (1-0)

WEST

Everyone felt a Pacific-8 team probably would win a non-conference game *some* time during the 1974 season and, sure enough, into Seattle wandered little old Cincinnati. Thus, in the second week of play, after seven losses and a tie, on a day when the league had been beaten on national television and had seen its glamour team stunned in faraway Arkansas, the mighty Washington Huskies prevailed. Barely. The score was 21–17.

For a half, Washington played pretty much to recent Pac-8 form, trailing 17–7. Then the defense got tough and Quarterbacks Chris Rowland and Dennis Fitzpatrick each engineered a touchdown drive. A winner, at last.

In another part of the state, Kansas was defeating Washington State 14–7 as Robert Miller gained 180 yards and scored the first of two second-quarter touchdowns.

In the PCAA, San Jose State parlayed a second-period outburst of its own to score four times in a 28–7 defeat of Fresno State. Craig Kimball threw two TD passes for the Spartans. Elsewhere, Hawaii edged Brigham Young 15–13, Louie Giammona gained 183 yards as Utah State upset Wyoming 17–7 and Air Force pounded Idaho 37–0.

Arizona won its opener 17–10 over San Diego State, but Coach Jim Young saw nothing good about the performance. "Nobody executed and I called a bad game from the sidelines," Young said. The decisive touchdown came following a pair of fourth-down kicking penalties. The losing Aztecs provided two of the game's biggest stars—leading ground-gainer Frank Geary (100 yards) and Linebacker Bobby Henderson (12 tackles, one pass deflection, one interception and one fumble recovery).

1. Arizona State (1-0)
2. Arizona (1-0) 3. UCLA (0-0-1)

SOUTH

LSU fans, accustomed to wide-open football in recent years, wondered what Charlie McClendon was up to when he installed the Veer last spring. "Just be patient," he told them, "and we'll get the big play."

To the satisfaction of 70,274 customers, McClendon was proved correct in the second period of a scoreless game with Colorado. The first time the Tigers used the wide pitch, Brian Zeringue gained 55 yards, setting up the initial touchdown in a 42–14 romp. LSU was 0 for 3 passing, but gained 437 yards on the ground for a Bengal record as Quarterback Carl Otis Trimble totaled 133 yards in only eight carries.

"LSU executed much better than it did on any films we saw from last year," said a buffaloed Coach Bill Mallory. McClendon admitted, "Everybody was a little anxious to see how we would do with our new offense. I was too."

The particular Veer that Georgia introduced against Oregon State had a passing wrinkle—good for three touchdowns in a 48–35 victory. Halfback Horace King threw the first one, a 28-yarder to Butch Box that sent the Bulldogs winging to a 20–0 lead. "Pretty, wasn't it?" asked King, who said he "always wanted to be a quarterback anyway." But his team has three quarterbacks already, all sophomores, and each had a hand in Georgia's 345 yards rushing and 119 passing. The defense, unfortunately, was just as wide open, allowing 396 yards.

Before they start playing each other, all the Southeastern Conference teams look great. Take Mississippi, picked for seventh place in the SEC standings. The Rebels were decided underdogs against nationally ranked Missouri, but they won 10–0. Quarterback Kenny Lyons scored the game's only touchdown, slipping in from the one to cap a 70-yard drive in the third quarter. Missouri's deepest penetration was to the Ole Miss 39. Superior defense and the punting of Greg Breland, who averaged 44 yards on seven tries, kept the Tigers caged all night. It was a big win for Ken Cooper, whose debut as head coach had been postponed a week when Hurricane Carmen canceled the Tulane game. That one has been rescheduled for Nov. 30.

Other Southeastern Conference teams also succeeded outside the league. Florida took

continued

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California 21–17, Auburn toppled Louisville 16–3, Kentucky bombed Virginia Tech 38–7 and Vanderbilt defeated Chattanooga 28–6.

Florida State, suffering through an 11-game losing streak, figured to be easy pickings for Pittsburgh. The Seminoles lost all right, 9–6, but they displayed a defense as dazzling as the pregame show that featured four skydivers, a hot-air balloon and a rock band. Panther star Tony Dorsett was held to 81 yards in 25 carries, and in one series Seminole Cornerback Lee Nelson nailed the quarterback for losses three times.

Georgia Tech, beaten 31–7 by Notre Dame on Monday night, had only four days to prepare for a South Carolina team that Paul Dietzel called his best since the LSU national champions of 1958. Four days, it turned out, were more than enough; the Yellow Jackets set a school rushing record of 487 yards and crushed the Gamecocks 35–20. Four of the touchdowns followed drives of 80 yards or more. "Our coaches read South Carolina like a book," said Quarterback Danny Myers. "And they were soft at the end." Jubilant at the end was Tech's Pepper Rodgers, who was spied in his office afterward doing backflips.

Other victorious Southern independents were Tulane, surprisingly only 17–16 over Southwest Louisiana, and Tampa, 47–13 over Toledo.

North Carolina State waltzed past Duke 35–21 for its second straight win. The only team to succeed outside the league was North Carolina, which got 235 yards and four touchdowns from Tailbacks James (Boom Boom) Betterson and Mike Voight in beating Ohio University 42–7.

1. Alabama (1-0)
2. LSU (1-0) 3. N.C. State (2-0)

EAST

"The defense should be the outstanding part of our team," Coach Jack Christiansen declared before Stanford's game with Penn State. Er, not quite, Jack. State pulled out a 24–20 victory by methodically marching to a touchdown after Stanford had nudged ahead 20–17 with 5:10 remaining. The eight-play 80-yard drive was helped along by a pass-interference call that put the Lions on the Cardinal one. Reserve Tailback Woody Petchel scored from there on his first crack.

Part of Stanford's defensive trouble was its failure to adjust to the new look in State's offense. The Lions introduced a double wing with a man in motion and ran some series from an unbalanced line. "We changed because we wanted more diversification and because we don't have that big, powerful tailback," said *Joe Paterno. Penn State did have* Fullback Tom Donchez, who gained 119 yards, and Flanker Jim Ease, who rushed, received and returned for 158. There was nothing new about Stanford's offense. Sophomore Quarterback Mike Cordova overcame early uncertainty to complete 23 passes in 51 attempts for 301 yards and two touchdowns.

Texas' game with Boston College marked its first foray into New England since 1931, when the Longhorns lost to Harvard 35–7. A lot has happened in 43 years, and they won this time 42–19, scoring three touchdowns in the second quarter after Mike Presley replaced the injured Marty Akins at quarterback. Fullback Roosevelt Leaks, who has shown rapid recovery from knee surgery, watched in uniform from the sideline as his freshman substitute, Earl Campbell, picked up 85 yards in 13 carries.

Army and Navy both won their opening games. The Middies were the more impressive, holding off Virginia 35–28 while the Cadets took Lafayette 14–7.

Navy entered the fourth quarter with a healthy 28-point lead but did not batten down the victory until Safety Gene Ford intercepted a pass in the end zone on the final play of the game. That ended an 80-yard drive and a furious Cavalier comeback, which included three TD passes from Scott Gardner to Ken Shelton. Gardner, who completed 25 of 43 for 264 yards, also had a second-quarter scoring toss to David Sloan.

Army introduced a new coach, Homer Smith, and the Wishbone. The opposing quarterbacks provided most of the game's excitement, as the Cadets' Scott Gillogly ran 28 times for 111 yards and Lafayette's Mark Jones completed 20 of 35 passes for 248.

Kent State and Syracuse, each coming off a win last week, staged a thriller. The Golden Flashes won 20–14 as Larry Poole scored twice in the fourth quarter on a 62-yard run and a blast from the three in the final two minutes. Poole finished with 191 yards.

Richmond won its second game by upsetting West Virginia 29–25 on three touchdown passes by Harry Knight. Temple had an easy romp over Rhode Island, 38–7. **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

DEFENSE: Dennis Winston, a linebacker who "loves to hurt people," was awarded the game ball for his performance in Arkansas' stunning upset of USC. The 218-pound sophomore, who played end last year, made 19 tackles.

OFFENSE: Junior Tailback James Betterson gained 134 yards in 22 carries, scored three touchdowns and set up another with a 70-yard return of the opening kickoff as North Carolina manhandled Ohio University 42–7.

1. Penn State (1-0)
2. Pittsburgh (1-0) 3. Temple (1-0)

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BASEBALL / *Jim Kaplan*

Tiptoeing up on a record

Other events kept Lou Brock's 105th stolen base off the front page, which was fine with the master thief who likes to keep a low profile

Lou Brock insists that he does not care about records, but last week he set a big one anyway. When he broke Maury Wills' 12-year-old stolen-bases mark with his 105th theft of the season, he not only got his record but he got it on his own terms. So much else was going on the day he accomplished his feat that the world gave it relatively little notice.

The presidential-pardon controversy, a bunch of state primaries, tightening pennant races and the America's Cup all conspired to keep Brock's record off the front page and well back even in the sports sections of most newspapers. And the questions Brock himself left unanswered also tended to diminish his achievement. How many bases can a man possibly steal in a season? He had another 20 games to answer that one. And how much help would his persistent, but increasingly unsuccessful, attempts to steal give the Cardinals, a team with minimal power and only one starting pitcher with a winning record, in their drive to outduel Pittsburgh and win the National League's East Division?

"I don't set goals," Brock says, unhelpfully. "Playing the game, loving the game, head-to-head competition, psychological warfare—these are the things that motivate me."

It was as if Brock wanted to set an unrecord. Even as *105* came within immediate reach, Lou kept the drama as low-key as he is. The Cardinals asked him if he would mind circling the bases in a bullpen cart after breaking the record. Brock said he most certainly would mind. Someone asked if his adoring fans in the left-center-field stands should continue to be called Brock's Bleacher Bums. He said he did not like the word "bum" and suggested a thoroughly unmemorable substitute: Base Burglars 105 Club.

At least the Burglars were there to see Brock break the record in person. With his total at 103 and the Cards playing at home, only 27,000 came to rain-dampened Busch Stadium to cheer him on against Dick Ruthven, the Philadelphia righthander who has one of the best fastballs and toughest pickoff motions in the league, and Bob Boone, an excellent catcher. Brock singled sharply in the first inning and, after the organist drove the crowd to a frenzy, chose the second pitch to steal second cleanly. In addition to tying Wills at 104, that broke Max Carey's 45-year-old National League high of 738. Ty Cobb holds the major league record of 892.

In the seventh Brock singled once more. Again he waited just one pitch before making his move. Breaking from his typically short lead, he took his customary 13 strides before falling into his "pop-up" slide. It was vintage Brock bafflement. A good throw would have had him, but Boone's peg, like those of many harried catchers faced with the same problem, was off target. It took a high bounce well before it arrived at second base. As he had so often this season, Brock had succeeded more through anticipation and intimidation than speed.

How many more bases Brock can steal this year and, more important, how much those will help the Cards are open questions. His thievery has become so predictable that his success percentage has dipped. Brock even attempted No. 106 the night he stole 104 and 105, although the Cards were six runs behind. "I lost some respect for him for doing that," said Boone, who threw him out. Brock apparently couldn't care less; he said he intended to keep stealing every time he reaches first with second base free. He claims he will be helping the St. Louis offense by doing that. In fact, he may not be. When he was National League Player of the Month in August, St. Louis was 15-15. When he hit only .276 during the first two weeks of September, the team played better than .750 ball. Brock was thrown out in three of seven attempts last week, well below his usual 78% success rate.

The day after Brock's record breakers, the Cardinals beat the Mets 4–3 in an extraordinary seven-hour, 25-inning game, the second longest in baseball history. Si-

BROCK SLIDES TO NO. 105 AS PHILLIES' BOWA TAKES A HIGH-BOUNCING THROW



multaneously, the Pirates were jolted by a loss and an injury to their hottest pitcher, Dock Ellis. With Pittsburgh's lead cut to just 2½ games, the Cardinal locker room had the air of a New Year's Eve celebration. Lou Brock had gone 1 for 9 and had been thrown out stealing, but he may have been the happiest Cardinal of all. For the moment, his record was all but forgotten.

THE WEEK

(Sept. 8-14)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST Lou Brock was not the only base stealer helping St. Louis move into first place. Bake McBride swiped seven, along with ripping four hits in each of three games. In the longest night game ever (7:04), he scored the deciding run all the way from first on an errant Met pickoff attempt in the 25th inning. McBride also drove in the go-ahead run in a 17-inning, 7–3 seramble with the Phillies.

St. Louis would not have ascended to the top had Pittsburgh not executed extraordinary ineptitudes in losing five of seven. The Pirates' final two defeats came against the Expos. Montreal won 3–2 on two unearned runs and 17–2 when the Pirates recorded three errors, a balk, a wild pitch and 13 walks.

Philadelphia edged back into contention with a 5-2 week. The Phillies twice knocked off the Cardinals, with one of the wins coming on Jim Lonborg's two-hitter, 2–0. They also outlasted the Cubs 11–10 and decked the Pirates with a pair of eighth-inning onslaughts. Bill Robinson's three-run pinch homer dumped Pittsburgh 8–5 in one of those games, and the next day the Phillies shocked the Pirates 6–4 with a six-run outburst in which Mike Schmidt hit a three-run homer and Del Unser a two-run drive.

Montreal reclaimed fourth place from New York. In winning six of eight, the Expos received nine RBIs each from Barry Foote and Mike Jorgensen. Tom Seaver won twice for the Mets, who fell to fifth when they lost a pair to the Cubs. Chicago stymied New York 4–3 on rookie Ron Dunn's homer in the 11th inning and 12–0 as Burt Hooton tossed a four-hitter to earn his first win since Aug. 1.

ST. L 78-66 PITT 77-68 PHIL 73-73
MONT 67-77 NY 68-78 CHI 68-66

NL WEST Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson gambled and his Reds gamboled. Saving his best pitchers for a weekend series in Los Angeles, he started rookies Tom Carroll and Pat Darcy in a doubleheader against Atlanta. Carroll did not pitch well, but the Reds came from four runs down to beat the Braves 9–6 in the first game. Dave Concepcion ignited the rally, scratching out a hit, stealing second and third, and scoring on an error. Cesar Geronimo capped the five-run uprising with a grand-slam homer. In the nightcap, Darcy, who had just been brought up from Indianapolis, was a 6–2 winner as Johnny Bench hit a grand-slam home run and drove in all six runs. That victory ran the Red winning streak to four games following a week-opening 7–4 loss to the Dodgers in which Reliever Mike Marshall had set a major league mark by appearing in his 93rd game.

By the time the Reds arrived in L.A., shutouts by Don Sutton (1–0 against the Braves) and Al Downing (11–0 versus the Giants) had helped push the Dodgers' consecutive victory total to five. That was when Anderson brought out his best starters, Jack Billingham and Don Gullett. Although the Dodgers outhit them 10-5 in the opener, the Reds won 6–3 as Billingham recorded his 19th victory and Concepcion slugged a three-run homer. The shortstop scored another run after once again stealing second and third. Those thefts gave him 37 for the season and 23 in a row without being caught. Game Two also went to the Reds, 4–2. Gullett and Clay Carroll held the Dodgers to five hits while Joe Morgan and Tony Perez homered.

Four losses to Los Angeles and Cincinnati wiped out Atlanta's slim pennant hopes. Carl Morton finally won his 15th game with a 7–3 victory over the Padres. Earlier he had lost three attempts for the win by scores of 3–0, 2–0 and 1–0. For the Braves it was their 14th straight conquest of the Padres.

Using forkballs in games for the first time, after perfecting them on the sidelines for two months, San Diego's Dan Spillner and Bill Greif beat Houston 2–0 and 4–1. Larry Dierker of Houston blanked San Francisco 5–0, but the Giants took two other meetings between the clubs with late-inning slugging.

LA 91-54 CIN 80-66 ATL 80-67
HOUS 73-72 SF 66-80 SD 53-94

AL WEST Oakland was futilely trying to end Texas' masquerade as a divisional contender. The Rangers, 8½ games behind the A's in early September, began the week by concluding a three-game sweep in Oakland with a 5–1 win by Ferguson Jenkins. That was such a startling turn of events that even Oakland's normally moribund fans took notice; 46,780 of them showed up to support their struggling team on Double Dinger Night. "Dinger" is the A's term for a home run and their rooters celebrate each one by rattling an assortment of bells. The big crowd was not disappointed. The A's hit three dingers as Vida Blue and Catfish Hunter blanked the Royals 3–0 and 7–0. The same night Jim Bibby of Texas beat Chicago 6–2 for his 19th win.

Then the A's and Rangers clashed head on once more, this time in Texas. In a match-up between two Cy Young Award candidates—Hunter and Jenkins—the Rangers came out on top 3–1. It was the 23rd victory for Jenkins, who is 5-0 against the A's. In 45 innings he has given them just 24 hits and eight walks, while striking out 43 and compiling an ERA of 0.60. In the second confrontation, the Rangers shelled Vida Blue and won 8–3 as Jackie Brown tossed a seven-hitter. That left Texas four games behind Oakland: the Rangers were having a ball, not a masquerade.

With the help of two homers, their first in 14 outings, Kansas City downed Minnesota 13–3 to end a seven-game losing streak. Home runs also bolstered the Twins, who hit 11, including two game winners by Harmon Killebrew and one by Rod Carew. The power hitting enabled the Twins to win six of eight and go over .500 for the first time since late April.

Before a game against California, Dick Allen of Chicago did something unusual: he took fielding and batting practice. Surely, something had to be up. It was. In the clubhouse moments after the conclusion of the warmup drills, Allen announced he was retiring from baseball, effective immediately. Jim Kaat defeated the Angels 1–0 and 8–0 to run his string of shutout innings to 25.

Andy Hassler of California lost that 1–0 game to Kaat, even though the Angel righty pitched a one-hitter. And Nolan Ryan picked up his 19th victory, fanning 15 Royals to win 3–2 in 10 innings.

OAK 83-54 TEX 72-66 MINN 74-73
CHI 72-73 KC 71-73 CAL 59-88

AL EAST While New York, Baltimore and Boston fought for first place (*page 18*), Cleveland flubbed a chance to get into the act. The Indians won their first four games of the week, one of them Gaylord Perry's 19th triumph. Then, despite the acquisition of Frank Robinson from the Angels, the Tribe lost its next four contests and dropped 7½ games behind the Yankees.

Failure to lock its bullpen gate may well have cost Milwaukee a 6–5 loss to Baltimore. Oriole Centerfielder Paul Blair made a game-saving catch for the last out of the night with two Brewers on base, but might not have been able to hang on to the ball had the gate not swung open when he crashed into it.

Despite 11 homers, Detroit won only three of seven games. One of the home runs, a 10th-inning poke by Tom Veryzer, downed the Brewers 9–7 and gave John Hiller his 17th relief win, a league record.

NY 76-67 BALT 78-68 BOS 76-69
CLEV 71-74 MIL 70-77 DET 67-78

Foster is no impostor

England's new distance champion destroyed some of the world's best and ran Prefontaine onto the grass

From a black industrial town in the northeast of England, where some of the houses stand back to back because they are ashamed to look each other in the face, has come a runner who has captured the imagination of London and also laid a pretty firm grasp on the psyches of the world-class distance men he competes against.

His name is Brendan Foster. He is 26 years old, stands 5'10", weighs 147 pounds and has a pointed face that seemed even foxier than usual at London's Crystal Palace last week when he slyly toyed with an elite pack of runners before destroying them with one of those early bursts of speed that have become his trademark. Finland's Lasse Viren, double Olympic champion at 5,000 and 10,000 meters, did not even attempt to go with Foster. The Finn had learned a simple lesson during a loss to the Briton at the European Championships in Rome five days earlier: Foster destroys opponents in the middle of a race.

The London race was a two-miler promoted by the International Athletes Club of Britain. Besides Foster and Viren, the field included America's Steve Prefontaine and England's David Bedford, the world-record holder at 10,000 meters, as well as Tony Simmons, the 10,000-meter silver medalist in the European Championships, Dave Black, a silver medal winner at 10,000 meters in the Commonwealth Games, and Graham Crouch of Australia.

By the time the runners went to their marks at the Crystal Palace, the traffic chaos in the streets outside had subsided, but for four hours before the race southeast London had been jammed with motorists en route to pay homage to this new ironman. The last time Britain had become as excited over a track meet was when Vladimir Kuts, the Russian who is now a bulbous 230 pounds, met Christopher Chataway, now a member of Parliament, at the White City Stadium in 1954. Those two stocky athletes fought out every stride of a 5,000-meter race until Chataway inched his British vest to the tape in world-record time.

Nobody expected a record last week. It was Friday the 13th, and both Foster and Viren still had the tiredness of Rome in their legs. But suddenly the chances for a world mark perked up as Crouch led the field through the first lap in 60.4 seconds and followed it with two laps of 63 each. He was setting a pace equal to the world record held by Foster at 8:13.8. The spectators' hopes died as abruptly as they arose when Crouch ran out of steam and the mile came up in 4:11.5.

It was then that Foster put his trademark on the race. He does not just assume the lead—he bursts to the front with a sustained drive the likes of which have not been seen since the 1962 retirement of the unconquered Australian miler, Herb Elliott.

Viren and the others knew that the master had made his move and they let him go. Only Prefontaine held grimly to Foster's pace in a courageous attempt to stay with him. Five hundred yards after the duel began the Oregonian stepped onto the grass, beaten. "It is only the second time in 10 years that I have dropped out of a race," he said. "Foster's good. He's exceptional. I wish that I had felt decent because I don't like to let myself down. I just felt like a slug."



THE TOAST OF LONDON COASTS HOME

Foster's time was 8:23.4, 9.6 seconds more than his world record set on the Crystal Palace track a year ago. "This was a night when time did not matter," he said. "I came to say thank you to all those millions—in the stadium and on TV—who have supported me so nobly."

Foster can now be considered the best of all British runners. He even ranks above Roger Bannister. In fact, perhaps only four distance men in the world over the last 25 years would rank higher: Emil Zatopek, Kuts, Elliott and Viren when he is as fit as he was at the Munich Olympics.

That is indeed fast company for a man whose only Olympic performance resulted in fifth place in the Munich 1,500 meters. Since then Foster has matured. In the last two years he has run 5,000-meter races seven times and won six of them. Only Ben Jipcho of Kenya has defeated him and that was in the Commonwealth Games in January, off-season for a northern hemisphere runner.

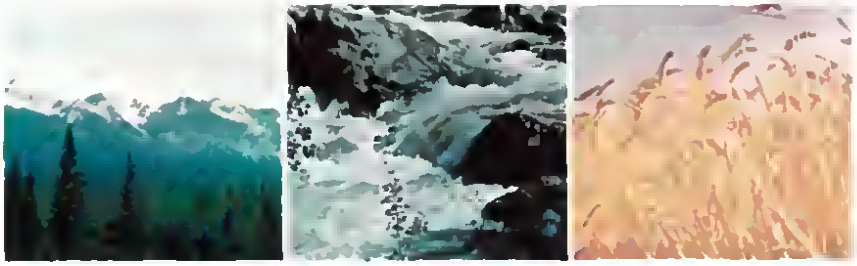
Foster will not run again this year. He has gone back to that industrial town in the northeast where he is everyman's hero. The place is called Gateshead and the citizens there built a Tartan track specially for Foster. He opened it in August by running 3,000 meters in world-record time. The town also has made him its manager of sport and recreation. It is a tough place, part of what is known as Geordieland, a grim industrial area that breeds rugged, blunt men.

Those attributes constitute a large part of Foster's uniqueness as an athlete. He wins races in the middle with straightforward guts. Only he seems able to put in a lap of 60 seconds, and then follow it with laps of 61 and 62 seconds. By then he has long since broken contact with his rivals. "He is very special," says Viren.

Foster's only competition for the next six months will be against his clubmates, the Gateshead Harriers. "I came back from Rome as European champion on Monday," he said, "and on Tuesday I was out training with the lads. They were all having a go at me. You are only champion for a day in Geordieland." END

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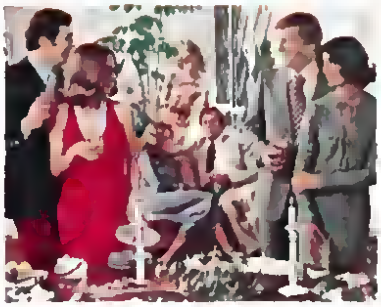


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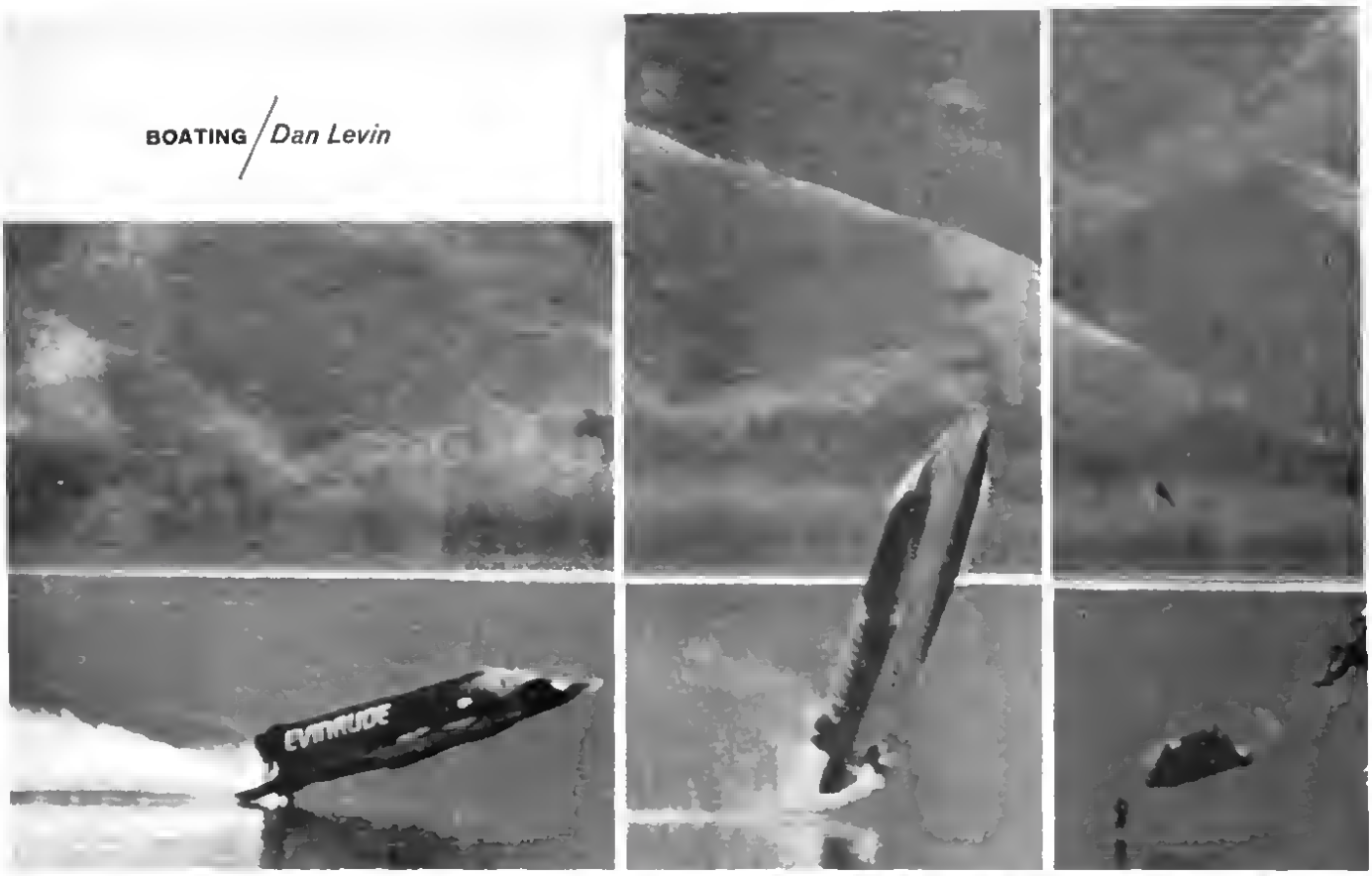


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Ashore, Walin's wife Lynne cried, "Oh, Gerry," and her voice seemed to hang in the air. Walin was taken to a Phoenix hospital, in critical condition from spinal, thoracic and leg injuries, and underwent heart surgery. At week's end his condition remained critical, but he was improving. The cause of the accident was not known; the air and water had been calm. The engine was a modified version of Evinrude's 135-hp model, and the boat was the one Walin had driven to a world record of 131.050 mph in 1966—the record that had been broken by Mercury. AND



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL IWASAKI



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TYPICAL OF THE OUTDATED CHINESE TECHNIQUES WAS THIS SCISSORS-STYLE JUMP

Not all the gold glittered

China won a pile of medals at Tehran, but the performances showed that it is an international threat primarily in the sport of politics

The Chinese were right after all. When the Asian Games began in Tehran three weeks ago, they frankly admitted that they did not have too much talent on their team. "We have come to learn," said Mao's men. Few onlookers believed them, so when the Games ended last Sunday the Chinese were in good position to say: we told you so. Oh, they won a mound of medals—106 to be exact, including 33 golds. But by Olympic standards the medallions they trunked home were no more meaningful than tourist trinkets, just so many bright baubles won by the likes of 10.6 100-meter sprinters whose times would not have qualified them to compete at Munich in 1972. At the last Olympics, if you hadn't run 10.3 or better, they didn't even let you in, except as the token entrant each country is allowed if it has no athlete who meets the qualifying standards.

In politics, a sport in which the People's Republic has the kind of world-class experience and world-wise technique that its athletes sorely lack, the Chinese mixed muscle with finesse and appeared to have made solid strides toward the big prize they seek—supplanting Taiwan as the representative of China in the 1976 Olympics. During the opening week of the Asian Games, Chinese officials held several long discussions with Lord Killanin, the new boss of the International Olympic Committee. He came away saying that he was sympathetic to the Chinese cause, just as long as they did not try any political pressure tactics. After years of Avery Brundage, the sympathy of His Lordship must have been as welcome to the Chinese as a warm spring after a long dark winter.

Ho Chen-hang is a high-ranking member of the Standing Committee of the All-China Sports Federation. One afternoon last week in Tehran he served a piping hot green tea called Dragon's Well and sugared walnuts and spoke of China's dealings with Brundage, the former IOC president. "We know of this chap," he said. "It was he who was maneuvering the question of two Chinas in the IOC. He should bear the responsibility for confusion and disorder in the Chinese sports picture. His brain is obsolete. He was far behind developments. It is 20 years since we left international competition, and great changes have taken place during this period, especially in 1971 when the U.N. restored China to her rightful place and expelled the Chiang Kai-shek clique. Quite a few justice-minded international sports federations have done the same. More and more people have come to see this trend, but never Brundage. We were really dismayed at his ignorance."

In another of their political moves, the Chinese decided that they would not talk to the Israelis. Putting aside their slogan of friendship first, competition second, the Chinese led a boycott against Israel in all combative sports—fencing, soccer, basketball and tennis. Tennis? With the logic of the East, the Chinese decided that swimming or running against an Israeli in the next lane was not as warlike as volleying a tennis ball across a net.

"What is the difference between tennis and track?" Ho was asked.

"I'll answer that tomorrow," he said. Tomorrow never came, at least as far as that question was concerned.

China said the boycott against Israeli athletes was only a gesture of friendship toward Iraq, but by the beginning of the final week of the Games the Chinese were refusing to shake hands with the Israelis they met on the victory stand.

"Friendship!" snorted Josef Inbar, president of the Olympic Committee of Israel and an executive member of the Asian Games Federation. "When China says friendship it doesn't mean what we mean. They are seeking membership in the track, swimming, soccer and gymnastics federations. Since they also demand the expulsion of Taiwan, they will try to do this through the support of the Asian and Arab countries. By forming an Afro-Asian bloc they will be able to get what they want. They are against us only because they want the Arabs on their side. If there were a lot of Israeli nations and only one Arab state, they'd be boycotting the Arabs."

One group of Arab supporters the Chinese did not want to offend was the host Iranians, who had led the fight to have

continued

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SHEAFFER WORLD WIDE A textron COMPANY

Taiwan expelled from the Asian Games. China has been assured that Iran will carry the same cause to the IOC.

Taiwan was out of the Asian Games and China was in after Iran called a meeting of the Executive Committee of the AGF in 1973 and asked for a vote on the issue. At that meeting Israel, Malaysia, Thailand, Pakistan and Japan each had one vote and Iran, as the host country for the next Games, had three. Because of political instability at home, the representative from Indonesia was absent and his vote was counted as an automatic No against the expulsion of Taiwan. Israel, Malaysia and Thailand also voted No. Pakistan and Japan voted Yes. That made it 4-2 for Taiwan. Then Iran voted three No's and made the total 5-4 for China. It was that simple.

"Nothing has been done that was underhanded," said Abul Hassan, the member of the AGF executive committee from Pakistan. "Years ago Taiwan came in, found a place vacant and said, 'I'm the descendant of China.' They came into the Asian Games as China. Now China has come in and said, 'We want our place.' It is not at the expense of Taiwan that the People's Republic takes its place. With 800 million people, you have to make a choice."

To get into the Olympics, China must next get the approval of the individual federations, and so far only the weight lifters have voted to oust Taiwan to make room for the mainland. That was by a unanimous vote of the board members — Thailand, Russia, Iran, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Italy, Finland, Austria, Spain and England — on May 4. Four other federations — basketball, table tennis, volleyball and badminton — were able to accept the People's Republic as a member because Taiwan was not in their groups.

At the Asian Games, the Chinese competed in 14 of the 16 sports. They skipped boxing, which they say is indecent, and they did not participate in field hockey because they have never played it. That leaves nine federations, including the big four of soccer, swimming, track and field, and gymnastics to haggle over the Chinese issue. The going will be sticky. The problem is not bringing China in, but throwing Taiwan out. Peking will not have it any other way. At the soccer meetings in Frankfurt during June's World Cup, China's application for membership was accepted by a simple majority, but the federation requires a three-fourths vote for the expulsion of a member. That was not attained and, as a result, the People's Republic still is not a member of the soccer federation.

There also is the possibility that all of this might turn out to be moot. The Chinese may go home, check their times against world competition, decide to skip Montreal and let the Taiwanese get shellacked instead.

As the Asian Games concluded it was glaringly apparent that while the Chinese may have everyone far outdistanced in quantity, they come up very short in quality — primarily because they lack experience in international competition. Surely they are the best in table tennis and badminton, but neither is an Olympic sport. After diving, shooting and gymnastics, where they showed tremendous potential, the Chinese demonstrated little that seemed likely to make them threats on a worldwide basis. The Asian Games medal count is misleading, since most of the winners there fell far short of Olympic qualifying standards. Some even failed to approach United States schoolboy records.

Yasunori Hamada of Japan won the



MAO'S FASTEST RAN A 10.6 100 METERS

men's 10,000 meters in 30:49.87. The Olympic qualifying minimum for 1972 was 28:50, and the American high school record is 29:17.6. China's Ma Hsueh-chung finished 10th in that race in 34:46.47, almost six minutes slower than the Munich standard.

Thailand's Anat Ratanapol took the 100-meter final to earn the title of Asia's Fastest Human. He won in 10.42, one-tenth of a second slower than the Olympic qualifying time and three-tenths slower than the U.S. schoolboy mark. One of the Chinese sprinters, Feng Chen-jen, finished in 10.63; the other, Yu Wei-li, pulled a hamstring 40 meters from the tape. In two previous heats neither did better than 10.8.

Those were not isolated examples. If the Asian Games had been the qualifying trials for the Olympics, only eight male track-and-field athletes would have met the standards, and just one of those would have been Chinese. He was Ni Chih-chin, a high jumper who finished second to Iran's Teymour Ghiassi (7'3") with a leap of 7'1", three-eighths of an inch over the qualifying standard.

In swimming, the only other sport where such meaningful comparisons are possible, China floundered in every event. In the 400-meter freestyle relay, the only race in which the Chinese women placed, their time was 4:21.77. At Munich the slowest qualifying time was 4:05.95, and the U.S. won in 3:55.19. The Chinese men took nine swimming medals, and not once did they come near the slowest qualifying time for the finals two years ago at the Schwimmhalle. Lo Chao-ying, who finished second in the 100-meter butterfly in 58.44, came closest. At Munich that would have placed him third in the first heat and 18th overall. The poorest qualifying time was 57.28. Mark Spitz won in 54.27.

Still, it would be ill-advised to sell the Chinese short. Five years ago they were given no chance of being *in* an Olympics, and it now seems possible that they will be on hand in Montreal. There is a lot of unhoned talent in the People's Republic. All China has to do is sharpen it up in tough international competition and the result could be a whole new ball game, or footrace, or swim meet. And considering the way things have been going for the Chinese lately in sporting politics, it might even be dangerous to bet that there won't be any Ping-Pong played at Montreal. **END**



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SPEED WITH STYLE

After 14 years as a racing driver, Peter Revson was near the top—handsome, rich, a winner. And then came the spring of 1974

by PETER REVSON and LEON MANDEL







CONTINUED

Peter Revson had it all. he was lithe and handsome, 35 years old and rich through his own accomplishments. He had become the best American sports-car racer and was recognized an the Grand Prix circuit as one of the very finest drivers in the world. He had just finished his autobiography with motor sports writer Leon Mandel, and its title, "Speed with Style," summed up Revson's outlook on life.

The book offers a different approach from most of the genre, in alternating sections Revson and Mandel present their individual views of racing. Last March 22, his book completed, Revson was at the Kyalami circuit near Johannesburg, South Africa, practicing for the third Grand Prix of the season. After 191 miles of testing, his speeds were steadily climbing, and late in the afternoon he decided to make a run for the track record. He pulled in for five gallons of fuel and rolled away. Two laps later Revson was dead, his car crushed against the steel barrier on the fastest turn.

The excerpt that follows spans the last year in the life of a man who had everything to live for.

MANDEL: After eight months of following Peter Revson around the world, I finally discovered his real name. For eight months I stared at him over his platters of sea bass (dieter's style) in New York restaurants, hung around the pits at Watkins Glen and Indianapolis wondering whether his driving suit was tailored by the same London firm that cut his slightly flared flannels and watched him ease his executive chair back to full rake at his office in Harbor City, Calif.—all this time thinking his name was merely Peter Revson. It wasn't. It was Peter Jeffrey Revlon Revson.

In all his 14 years as a race driver Revson had reacted in the same outraged way whenever he read newspaper stories referring to him as a millionaire playboy, PETER REVSON, THE REVLON HEIR. It was as though they were calling him some kind of pansy. Now I discovered Revlon was his middle name.

But something has happened to him since he won the Canadian-American Championship, two Grand Prix races, the pole at Indy, Pocono and Ontario and became recognized in Brazil, South Africa, Sweden and England as one of the top three drivers in the sport—as well as one of the most glamorous figures on the circuit. Revson laughs a great deal more now, and now that he is rich by his own hand he is openly boastful about being careful with money, even as the Kennedys and the Rockefellers.

As for the lipstick connection, well, if it is there it is there. Is it *his* fault that his father Martin and his uncles, Charles and Joseph, were compulsive cosmetic empire builders? Perspective has come to Peter Jeffrey R. Revson. Moreover, he is pretty busy these days.

Friday, Nov. 16, 9 a.m., the Revson apartment in Redondo Beach. It is the off-season, time to relax, do all the work that has to be done during the three-month racing break, sign the contracts, negotiate the deals, film the TV special and rejoin the real world. P.J.R R. starts with the priority problems. There are trade books and training films to review, bills to pay, fan letters to answer, 200 or more photos to autograph. And a decision must be made on whether the decal for the turbocharger manufactured by his new parts and accessories company should read PETER REVSON TURBOCHARGER OF REVSON TURBOCHARGER OF REVSON-CHARGE OF TURBOPETER. Seventeen minutes of contemplation and it comes out REVSONTURBO.

At 8 p.m. Revson dines. At 9:30 p.m. he settles down to work on this book. At 9.33 the doorbell rings. Revson sighs, goes to the door, peers through the peephole and then opens the door to reveal an attractive lady in jeans, a layered shirt, a tall Scotch and soda and a 30° list to port. "I don't believe I know you," she says.

The opening so intrigues Revson that he invites her in. Revson tapes all day Saturday.

Saturday evening a girl named Claudia calls. Would Peter come to Balboa Island for dinner if she bought? Thank you, Claudia, but no two-hour round trip tonight, too tired. An hour later Claudia is in Redondo Beach with two friends, Armenian girls from Fresno, just out of college, very young, still with that awkwardness that can occasionally be most appealing but is usually not. Acne and laryngitis and compulsive talking about Norman Rockwell being an idol: dreadful stuff. Revson is charm itself. Leaning back, puffing on a Montecristo, he listens attentively to every word,



Beautiful setting and girls aside, Monaco was not the best

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER



On parade with fellow drivers, Revson waves to Indy faithful

makes the right inquiries at the right times, beguiles, flatters; in general, acts as though he were with the three most fascinating women in the universe. At dinner's end the girls walk out of the restaurant about an inch beneath the ceiling. Revson pays the check with pleasure.

On Sunday evening, after a day away, I return exhausted to the Revson apartment. In the bathroom assigned to me I reach in the dark for my Dopp Kit to get my toothbrush and discover a dainty Gucci bag instead. Uh huh.

On Monday morning, with some work left to do and a 10:35 plane to catch, I go out and buy a couple of sausage-and-cheese omelets from the Saroyanesque restaurant next door. Back in the apartment I yell to the sleeping loft that it's time to get up. In about five minutes down floats an absolute vision: small; long clean blonde hair; exquisitely groomed; dressed so that it is hard to tell if she's Italian or French or Finnish. The lady comes into the living room and makes it her job to put me at ease. I am a welcome guest in her Alpine chalet. She is feminine, educated, a deferential hostess, a Harvard graduate and a citizen of Italy, where she is doing research for her doctoral thesis.

O.K. One tipsy stranger, three sorority girls and a gentlelady from Verona.

REVSON: Listen, this only happens *very* rarely. My life is really dull the rest of the time.

MANDEL: Nonsense, Revson. I've been standing around for eight months now, remember?

MANDEL: If a Grand Prix driver is worth anything at all, other than being an extremely quick entertainer, it is as a man who is living out our dreams. His life is a magic round of first-class flights, commuter hops in chartered jets, dazzling women, legendary hotels with magnificent wine cellars and people crowding in from all sides pressing money into his hands.

This is true. It is indeed the way a Grand Prix driver lives. He also lives with boredom, terror, fatigue and danger.

The young fans understand the drivers. They take them for life models, to the distress of many who would rather they looked to wealthy quarterbacks or Establishment lawyers. The young know that race cars and drivers—particularly Grand Prix cars and drivers—are the visible edges of an ubiquitous facet of American life. Consider:

- Of every six people employed in this country, one is involved in some way with the automobile.
- Racing is the second-largest spectator sport in the nation.
- General Motors' annual sales are about equal to the gross national product of Belgium.

The fans sense something even beyond that—they seem to recognize the symbolic importance of the Grand Prix driver. He is engaged, they are aware, in a quixotic pursuit.

This is the life that Peter Jeffrey Revlon Revson lives, and the fans understand it. They figure that the lawyer and the quarterback are dinosaurs. Adapt or die. The young are at the racetrack because they are convinced that the drivers have outslicked the drop-back-and-pass wizards at the Coliseum and Shea, who were fine for a slower, more rudimentary age. But now it is style. Speed and style.

There is this about the young: they may be brash and they may be impatient, but they know a great deal about the tempo of their lives.

REVSON: Sometimes racing becomes so much of a job, sometimes I become so preoccupied with what I've set as my goals in racing, that I don't take time—especially not when I'm in a race car—to sense the exhilaration that racing can bring. For example, you're annoyed by the crowds in the pits, the people who want to see you. You just wish to hell they'd get out of your way. And other drivers: you know they're being sociable but you also know that they're only being superficially pleasant in order to find out what you're doing with your car so they can glean some information that will help them.

But when a new season starts and you've been away from the crowds and the race-car noises and the other drivers for three months, you realize that they are things you relish. You've missed them.

Now the 1974 season is starting and the noise of the cars sounds good. It gets the adrenalin going. I'm happy to see the familiar faces. They belong to people who are interested in doing what I'm doing. As for the other drivers, what the hell; there's nobody else you can talk to about what you're doing.

And there are new competitors. I think the turnover now is due to the younger and better talent coming along and pushing some of the older guys out. I don't want to be one of the older guys who has been pushed out.

When I look back upon 1973, I can't say it was a good year. Sure, I won the races in England and Canada, and it is good for an American to win two GPs in one year. But it isn't enough. Even though I won those races I finished fifth in the world championship. I had done as well the year before.

On the USAC circuit the Indianapolis 500 was one of the worst races of my career. I started 10th, ran a few uncomfortable laps and finally lost it in the fourth turn and hit the

continued

wall at something like 150 mph. And that was the end of Indy, 1973.

Despite putting the car on the pole at both of the remaining 500s, Pocono and Ontario, things got no better. I failed to finish both races because of engine troubles. The two Grand Prix wins saved me from a very bad year.

A long time ago, when I was racing without much success or recognition and without encouragement from anyone, I used to think that if I persisted long enough I'd be sure to make it. I don't know how much persistence had to do with it, but the philosophy served me well. I'm making it now.

Fourteen years ago, even 10, I also was less tolerant. I thought that a racing driver's career was fairly short. I was very young and I figured that by the time I reached my so-called peak driving years, most of the guys at the level I was trying to attain would be retired.

And I was very cold about it, too. I knew some of those guys would be killed. But I also knew there were enough smart drivers around who would have retired from the sport so that not only would there be room, there would be the opportunity for me to prove that when I did reach a certain level of success the road wouldn't turn into a *cul de sac*.

I still feel that way. I'm almost where I want to be. This year can end with the world championship—given good luck.

Mentioning luck isn't to imply any lack of conviction about my own ability. In racing you need luck since you're working with a very complex mechanical device. You can have all the best people in the world and you still need luck.

You must be prepared to be apprehensive about being hurt or killed. That feeling exists. I know if I make any mistakes, it's going to penalize me in the race. I'm going to lose time. I'm going to *lose*. And that's as bad as anything I can visualize. It is the one thing I relate to most: the only thing I see as relevant. Understand, losing really hurts. To fail in the race is the most painful thing imaginable. The physical fear is another matter. You get shaken when various things happen on the racecourse, but during a race you are protected by a certain resilience. Perhaps if you gave much thought to some things that happened during a race you might faint . . . once the race is over. But those things don't register emotionally during the race itself.

The thought of being killed does occur to you if you're a racing driver. But if it occurred a lot, you couldn't drive. It can even be made to serve a purpose. What we do is fairly dangerous, and that's why I feel we should make as much money as we can.

And I would be lying if I said accidents don't worry me. They mean I won't finish a race. I don't like pain, but I have a high threshold. If I were to be in a serious accident,



I've decided I could live with the consequences and some are very unpleasant. I have heard people say they'd rather be dead than disfigured. I don't agree. If I were in a really bad wreck, I'd spend some of the money I've saved on plastic surgery. I've seen racing drivers who have had very bad accidents and who are back driving race cars. They don't look like Valentinos—but people don't turn away from them in horror, either. I'd be thankful my faculties were still intact.

MANDEL: If 1973 was an unsatisfactory year for Peter Revson, 1967 was tragic for his brother Douglas, although perhaps he never knew it. He was killed that year.

Douglas Revson died in a small single-seater race car on a wet track in Spain. The news of his death saddened the racing community for the obligatory moment, but it didn't distract it much. After all, Douglas Revson was just another rich kid playing at racing, and that kind of thing can be expected to happen. Few people outside sports-car racing on the East Coast knew Douglas.

Peter Revson could have been killed in 1967, and that would have been newsworthy. People knew Peter. He had already made his mark.

Peter was a rich kid in the minds of racing people, too, but if by the year of his younger brother's death he wasn't a superstar, there was still something about him and something about his driving that demanded he be taken seriously. At least not written off as just another preppie making noises about being a race driver instead of going into his father's business.

Douglas Revson never quite escaped that image. He was an intense, moderately good-looking young man. His rides were acceptable but the problem was that they were *his* rides, which is to say he owned the cars he drove. If one is any good at all, or promises to be any good, one does not have to buy a car to go racing. Johnny Longden or Willie Shoemaker did not have to own their own horses: it is almost as cut-and-dried in racing. Doug Revson owned everything he drove. By the time of his death, though, his older brother was being paid to race somebody else's cars and was very much a man of his own.

Thus, there was explanation enough for Peter Revson's occasional truculence toward his fellow racers. If everybody in the pits and in the grandstand thought that the profits from 100 million tubes of Orange Flip lipstick were buying your car, you'd tend to be a little testy, too. There was his prep school background, hinting of great family wealth: Hotchkiss, an elegant school in the fine Eastern tradition; Williston Academy, then on to Cornell and Columbia. In those days Revson was convinced that everyone figured he was floating to his successes on a sea of Intimate.

International racing in the 1960s was not so complicated as it is now. There were three formulas: Formula I, the major leagues, and Formula II and Formula Junior, the minors. There was room for only a few top drivers in Formula I, and so the Junior circuit was large and populated by very fine young drivers. Back in the 1963 season Revson raced against the likes of Peter Arundell, Denny Hulme, Frank Gardner, Mike Spence, Jo Schlesser, Gerhard Mitter, David Hobbs and Jochen Rindt. It was a fine, carefree life. At Monte Carlo, where there were almost 70 entries for the preliminary race to the Grand Prix, Revson camped with the other Junior drivers on the beach in front of some high-rise buildings—a band of gypsies living hand-to-mouth. He remembers looking up at the Hotel de Paris and realizing that this was where the Grand Prix drivers stayed. It would be romantic to report that Revson wistfully hoped that he might be staying there himself one day. But it wasn't hope, he was counting on it.

Revson raced well enough to merit note. In England, Reg Parnell, who had been following Revson's progress on the Continent, offered him a place for the following year on his Formula I team. Parnell was going to run a pair of ex-works Lotus 25s for Chris Amon and Mike Hailwood in order to develop his own car. He would use Revson as a test driver. But Reg Parnell died during the winter.

Parnell's son Tim took over the team, but it wasn't the same. Tim was not experienced and he was not paternal. Tim Parnell made a deal for Revson to drive a Lotus BRM in Formula I under the name of Revson Racing. That way it would sound as though it were a different team altogether and that would mean additional starting money.

Revson paid the mechanic and his own expenses but got 25% of all starting money, which varied from £100 to £600 a race, and a quarter of all prize money. The prize money share was academic. Just getting the starting money was tough enough.

In a race at Syracuse, Italy that season, Revson had fired up the car, charged away—and spun out before completing even one lap. At the postrace party Parnell was all charm toward the promoter, a swarthy man with an enormous swarthy daughter. Parnell brought the daughter over to meet Revson, the handsome young American, and it was very clear that Revson was expected to save the day, even if it meant eloping with the daughter. "We started dancing," he recalled, "and she was a big, big girl. A *huge* girl. I could just about see around her and every time I'd swing in a certain direction I'd see Parnell glowering at me. Every time I'd grab her hand to walk her away from the dance floor, he would come over and glower some more, so I'd ask her

continued



After Gasoline Alley, Revson flew off to a yacht at Monte Carlo



With girl friend Marji Wallace, Revson waits word of Indy crash.

to dance again. All night long I was under the gun. I was dancing with that broad until I was ready to drop."

But the next day Tim Parnell walked into the promoter's office and collected the starting money.

Revson's stature as a driver continued to grow and in 1967, in addition to racing the Grand Prix circuit, he signed on the Cougar team for the Trans-Am Championship series as the third driver behind Parnelli Jones and Dan Gurney. The Trans-Am Cougar team contract provided for $500 a race and all the prize money, and it turned out that far from being the third man on the team, Revson drove most of the races and won two of them, twice as many as Jones or Gurney.

The Cougars were prepared by a shrewd veteran of Southern stock-car racing, slow-speaking, sleepy-eyed and about as mild as a raging wolverine. In the great tradition of stock-car racing, this gentleman didn't consider himself confined by the rules. Revson first encountered his enterprising, free-wheeling approach at Lime Rock, a race Revson won.

Trans-Am cars had to conform to a weight minimum and they were put on the scales before a race to make sure they did. Revson's car had made the weight exactly and had been pushed back into the pits for a tire change when Revson wandered up. Seeing the crew members removing a wheel and hoping to establish himself right from the beginning of the racing season as a helpful driver, Revson bent over to lift one. He couldn't budge it. The boss-man had seen to it that the Cougar conformed to the weight minimum all right—but with sand-filled tires *off* the car it was somewhat lighter.

Just when the realization of why the wheel and tire wouldn't leave the ground hit Revson, he heard a soft Southern voice at his shoulder. "Leave it alone, boy. You do the drivin', we'll do the preparin'." As long as he was with Cougar, Revson never came near the working pits again.

Revson remembers those Trans-Am racing days as the sweetest. He also remembers, but does not talk about, a moment in 1967. Revson and a friend changed from their dinner suits to go to the funeral for Douglas. Afterward, the friend drove him to Bryar Motorsport Park in New Hampshire, where, expressionless, Revson won the second race in a row for the Cougar racing team.

REVSON: My own plans at this point are to continue for a couple of years and try to win the Indianapolis 500 and the world championship. But if I don't do it in the next two or three years, I won't do it at all, and it would be time to give it up. At this point in my life the reason I'm racing is to be a winner. And if I'm not going to be a winner this year or next I'm going to quit. Finishing fourth or third or second is not worthwhile; I've done that. I don't want to go on as a journeyman. Racing won't accept me as that much longer. Racing only accepts you if you're improving or if you are a winner. But if you have established that you're not going to be a winner, you're finished. In this business people pay for winners or they pay for potential.

To me, success is not measured by money or the material things you have but rather by what you're accomplishing. For some people, it's the result that counts, style means nothing. But style is very important. It is the manner in which you conduct yourself, the way you handle your life. I would hope my style says I'm a gentleman.

As far as any driver with any sense is concerned, there is more at stake than our pride and our reputations, our standing in our sport and the money. We all have the pressure of keeping our necks connected to our spines. If we make a mistake it's not a question of striking out or losing 15 yards. It's not a matter of losing or even making an ass of yourself in front of a great number of people. In this business a mistake can be ramified into something that could be terminal.

Only gamblers take complete chances. Nothing was ever accomplished without taking some sort of chance, though. But I try to minimize the risks of race driving. I'm said to be a conservative driver. I don't know why people say that, maybe it's true. I look at other drivers and at times I think they drive beyond their ability. They drive with wild abandon, and I ask myself if that's why I'm not winning more races.

MANDEL: This is the way it is at Indianapolis in May 1973: Revson has spun out in practice and hit the wall at 150 mph. He has survived that shattering experience, practiced again and finally qualified his car for 10th starting spot on the 500 grid. He also has flown off to race in the Belgian Grand Prix—where he spun off the course and did not finish. And he flew back to Indiana where he awaits the Memorial Day race.

There are signs on the window at Hook's Drug Store announcing Revson's exclusive appearance and the introduction of Rev-Up, the vitamin for men. The crowd waiting is small, made up of housewives and their teen-aged daughters. The announcer is prattling, marking time while he waits for Revson: "Recover! A cover-up leg cream for varicose veins and facial scars. Peter, howareya?" His voice rises in triumph. Revson is almost 20 minutes late but he has finally walked in the door.

The Rev-Up man is joined by the store manager, who walks over beaming and offers chairs, Cokes, anything, anything at all. Would this table be handy for the stack of 8x10 glossies showing Revson with his Can-Am medals around his neck? Perfect. The people line up and the Rev-Up man and the manager slip into the background, like parents at an eighth-grade piano recital.

I have seen these women in the late afternoon on my television set: they are the audience of *The Mike Douglas Show*. I have heard them say about Merv Griffin off-camera what they are now saying about Revson: "Gee, you're *too* handsome," and "This one's not for *me*, it's for my son who's just furious he couldn't be here himself," and "I promised I'd get your autograph for the girl I work with," and "Sign it, 'For Connie with love.'"

A fat girl wants an autographed photo and she proffers her notebook as a writing desk. The notebook has Al Unser's name written on it. An old man wanders up and asks if he can get Mel Kenyon's autograph. The fat girl comes back to tell Revson to take it easy. "I'll be watching you in the third turn," she says. A young housewife introduces herself as a former "Miss Grapefruit," and it is time to move on to Haag Drug Store across town.

At Haag the crowd is bigger, the signs gaudier. HERE IN PERSON, PETER REVSON says one; PETER REVSON, SPOKESMAN FOR REV-UP and, to Revson's total embarrassment, PETER REVSON, ADMIRED BY MEN, ADORED BY WOMEN, ONE OF TODAY'S OUTSTANDING PERSONALITIES. Revson looks at the sign and at the women and says quietly, with sarcasm, "A Budley Studhorse Production."

Here the women are in curlers, the young girls in braces, it's a far more fashion-conscious neighborhood. The store is newer and larger. A local disc jockey is doing a live broadcast, interspersed with commercials pitching the Haag Rev-Upcontest. The store is giving away Peter Revson sunglasses, Peter Revson racing jackets, Peter Revson driving suits, Peter Revson racing patches . . . "nothing to do, nothing to buy."

At the end of the two-hour session a young girl, who has been waiting patiently, approaches Revson and identifies herself as being from the Middlebury, Ohio newspaper. She asks for just 10 minutes. Revson sighs and takes her over to the patio furniture display. She flips open her notebook, opens her eyes wide, takes a deep breath and asks Revson, "How do you feel about the ever-present danger?"

Revson's head drops to his chest in despair and, very much under his breath so the girl can't hear him, he murmurs, "one more time."

REVSON: The first few laps at Indianapolis are potentially the most dangerous a driver will ever face. You are going very fast and you are in close quarters. Coming down the straight for the start there is a great deal of turbulence from the other cars, and since you are not in the racing groove there is a lot of dust kicked up. It is very difficult to see.

I probably think too much at Indianapolis, anyway. The things that are instinctive to the people who race there all the time are not so instinctive to me.

So I see and I think about how dangerous it is. I know that in those close quarters you can't avoid a car when it spins as you can on a road course. A car will spin and there's no place he can go. That means there's no place you can go to avoid him.

From the start my car was a handful. I had to fight it from the very beginning. Somewhere during the early laps I was getting ready to overtake another car, fighting the turbulence and drafting him on the backstraight. Having to pull out of the draft to pass meant having to enter the turbulent air outside the draft just when we came through the fourth turn entering the start and finish straightaway.

The fourth turn was more slippery than the others, especially in the early laps before rubber was put down. I went to make the pass, and my tail swung out and the car got loose out toward the wall. I controlled it, but then it began to swing in the other direction, toward the inside, and started to fishtail. I delicately backed off the throttle to regain stability, and then the car swung once too often.

With the power off I did not have the instantaneous throttle response to be able to correct, and the car began a slow spin.

On its second complete spin I caught it going in the right direction, but it was too late. The car hit the inside retaining wall, crushing its left-front suspension, and I was out of the race.

I left that night in a Lear Jet, making the New York connection for Monte Carlo, where I arrived in time to get in exactly one day's practice for the Grand Prix of Monaco.

I had seen the end of the Indy race on television before I left, including Swede Savage's accident. Thinking about how dangerous the start is in the 500 and how dangerous the track is, I kept coming back to one of my impressions when I first drove there. When cars start spinning and crashing, there's no place to hide at Indianapolis.

MANDEL: There were not very many people around the Gasoline Alley fence when Revson came walking in after his car hit the wall, and those who were there were craning to see if the cars were on the backstraight. Revson shut the door of his garage behind him. He got out of his driver's suit with resignation, clearly unhappy with himself, and walked over to turn on the radio to the station that was carrying the race. His girl friend Marji Wallace sat by herself in the corner, crying.

Suddenly there was an unearthly wail, then screams. And then there came a babble from the radio. Revson rushed outside to see a billow of smoke rising from the top of the front straightaway. He waited only long enough to be sure it was smoke from an alcohol fire, watched it turn white as the fire crew turned their equipment on the flames, then dropped his head and walked wearily back into the garage to slump against the far end benches near the radio. He held up his hand as someone began to ask questions until he heard teammate Johnny Rutherford's name mentioned as not having been involved. Then slowly, dispiritedly, he began packing his helmet bag.

REVSON: After Indy came Monaco—and Monaco was not the best for me. I had arrived late from Indiana and only gotten in that brief practice, so I started 16th on the grid. After some determined driving on my part I managed to finish fifth. Jackie Stewart won it, which placed me fourth in the World Driving Championship behind Emerson Fit-

continued

tipaldi, Jackie Stewart and his teammate, François Cevert.

A critical four weeks lies ahead for me. Jody Scheckter is definitely going to be included on our McLaren Formula 1 team next year—which means that one of us is going to have to go. I have every intention of keeping my job, so for the next month I'm going to have to produce and that's all there is to it.

England and the British Grand Prix were next. When the race started at Silverstone, I got a pretty bad line into the first turn because Denny Hulme, with new tires, was a little hesitant. As a result I got blocked out of a line into the first turn and about three or four cars got underneath me. At the end of the first lap, Scheckter, driving the third of our cars, lost it coming through Woodcote and crashed into the inside retaining wall, blocking half the track to the inside. I just managed to squeeze through alongside Cevert, knocking a chip of metal out of my rear wing, which was no problem at that point.

But nine cars were involved in the resulting accident and the race was stopped and not restarted for more than an hour.

On the restart I did somewhat better, but again I was blocked out. Emerson somehow got through ahead of Denny and me, and as we came out of the first lap Denny was fifth and I was sixth. I quickly got by Denny to a position behind Emerson. I was some seven seconds back of Ronnie Peterson, who was the leader at that point. From then on, for a large part of the race, all I did was stay very close to Emerson. I wasn't able to get by him comfortably and I didn't want to strain the motor until I absolutely had to, perhaps toward the end of the race.

Still, we were steadily catching up. Then Emerson broke his drive shaft, and I quickly moved up behind Ronnie. With a few sprinkles of rain coming down, I was able to move by him and take the lead. Behind me, Wilson Fittipaldi's Brabham blew its motor and dropped oil all the way from the entrance through Woodcote to Copse.

While the oil was on the track, I managed to easily maintain my five-second lead. I think being able to do that lulled me into a sense of security. Even after the oil dried up I was still maintaining a very careful pace, until I realized that Ronnie was in hot pursuit—very closely pushed by Denny. In turn, Denny was being pushed by a new fellow, James Hunt. I'd driven against Hunt at Monte Carlo. He was good and coming along very rapidly. The three of them were making up time on me and I began to feel the pressure. But I was able to open up a bit and maintain the interval. I crossed the finish line 2.8 seconds ahead.

I'd won my first Grand Prix.

We had dinner at the racetrack, catered by Yardley. They had set up a tent, and by the time dinner was over it was 10 p.m. It was a great day and I was looking forward to the next race.

The press in London was very kind about my victory in the British Grand Prix. It had taken 13-plus years, but even at that, my first win came quicker than it has to others. Chris Amon is getting near the 100-race mark and still hasn't won.

As a side note, but a very pleasant one at this moment, the bookmaker's odds on me were 14 to 1 before the race. Betting is quite legal here so I took advantage of it and put down £100. I have to confess, though, that it wasn't 100 on the nose but 50 each way, which is the English way of saying win and place. So instead of making £1,400, I made 875, which was still not bad.

It's always the same way in racing. No matter how well you're doing, it seems you're constantly on tenterhooks. I had won my first Grand Prix, I was well placed in the point standings and I was earning better than $200,000 a year as a racing driver. And so there I was, a week later, talking to McLaren Managing Director Teddy Mayer and he was telling me I was fired. It appeared that a younger charger, I presumed Scheckter, would take my place. So I was looking at the unemployment line.

Teddy is really unpredictable. I won the British Grand Prix and he fired me.

On to Canada. Thanks to the driver of the pace car, I won the Canadian Grand Prix in a burst of wet confusion that still has officials arguing. We were all boiling through the rain when Scheckter and Cevert bumped. They both escaped unhurt—in fact, Cevert was threatening to sock Scheckter—but out came two ambulances and a breakdown truck. They also rolled out a pace car that was supposed to control the field by driving in front of the race leader until everything got straightened out. But he picked the wrong car; the real leader, Emerson Fittipaldi, I think, was caught in back and unable to pass under the safety rule. And while they were circling slowly, I was able to catch up from the rear. Fittipaldi never did, and I won the race. As they say, take them any way you can get them.

The weekend was very odd and very tense. There had been a lot of typical end-of-the-season negotiating going on, driver deals and new alliances shaping up between teams, a lot of closed-door contract talks and everyone was preoccupied.

I ruled out a proposed Ferrari contract on the basis of its exclusivity clause. The original deal was $100,000 for Formula 1 only. But that meant no other racing for any other team. The $100,000 would have been almost enough, if Ferrari had been willing to add to it for prototype racing with their sports car. But Ferrari came back and said the contract *included* driving the sports car. All of a sudden the deal started to look less attractive. All of a sudden I was not going to be paid very well. If Ferrari had upped the ante to $150,000 it would have made sense. But in this business exclusivity is pretty sticky. I sent Ferrari a Telex and they didn't answer. So I postponed a trip to Italy indefinitely.

The preoccupation with the future continued at Watkins Glen the next week. But my thoughts were soon taken up with something sadder and more immediate: François Cevert had his fatal accident.

François was coming up the hill over the bridge. It is probably the most dangerous place in racing. You come up to the hill blind and you are just about flat out, using the

This is an excerpt from "Speed with Style, the Autobiography of Peter Revson," which is to be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N.Y.

whole road and drifting to the right. Just as you exit the turn, you come up on top of a bridge with nowhere to go on either side.

From the skid marks it looked as though François might have slid a little bit too far, tried to correct and hit the upper railing of the Armco barrier. The barrier collapsed, and the car disintegrated and rolled over on its cockpit, killing François.

The next morning the Tyrrell team withdrew from the race in tribute to François, so we started without Stewart and Amon. My chance to win was faded right on the starting line. I couldn't disengage my clutch. That made the second time this had happened in four races. But this time, instead of holding the car on the brake I just stuck it in neutral and threw my arms in the air, waiting for everyone to go by. Then I jammed it into gear and took off, but of course my clutch wasn't working for the rest of the race.

When you realize you've lost the race before you even start, a lot of adrenalin and enthusiasm drains out of your system. It becomes harder to concentrate and harder to bear down. As the race wore on I got back into the swing of things, but it was too late. Ronnie Peterson won it; I ended fifth behind my teammate, Denny Hulme. It was an unsatisfactory end to an unsatisfactory weekend.

What with the death of François, my own disappointing performance and the pressure over contract negotiations, it was one of the most difficult weekends of my life.

MANDEL: Revson had arrived at the Glen Motor Lodge in Watkins Glen with Marji Wallace on Thursday. Marji had come from nearby Binghamton, where she had just won Miss U.S.A. on her way to the Miss World title.

It is crisp in October in the Finger Lakes region of New York. There is no other part of the country so splendid in the fall. The glacially worn hills roll softly beneath the greens and yellows and reds of the foliage. Most of the roads are ancient two-laners, and they break startlingly around a wooded corner above Lake Cayuga or Lake Seneca again and again as they weave through the region. The countryside is quiet and content.

There is a deceptive laziness to the atmosphere of a Grand Prix practice/qualifying session. Unlike the system used in many American races where the cars go out one at a time to turn official qualifying laps, the Formula 1 cars are all out together. They are timed on every lap. The morning unwinds slowly and gently, despite being punctuated by the bark of race-car exhausts.

Then on Saturday morning at Watkins Glen there was a sudden stillness. A racetrack is not meant to be quiet on a busy weekend. When it is, the quiet suddenly turns into a terrible chill. It means everyone on the track has stopped, and cars at work stop for only one reason.

Jackie Stewart, in his dark blue Elf Team Tyrrell, was one of the first drivers in. His whole crew, along with members of other crews, closed in on his car. His wife Helen offered her hand to him as he stepped out. He pushed her aside, pushed away the crowd in front of him and walked to the pit counter. "Where's Helen?" he asked, as though at that moment he was only just returning to consciousness. Helen took his hand and led him around to the back of the pit. Somebody gave Stewart a sedative.

Revson was one of the last to come in. Immediately, Teddy Mayer asked him what had happened, and there was a brief conference after Revson pulled off his helmet with the lollipop shapes painted on it. Then he walked slowly to the pit counter where a terrified Marji was sitting. "Cevert," he said. "It's a bad one. It really is a bad one."

Revson said he wanted to walk down to the Paddock Club. There was a one-man show of motor-racing paintings he wanted to see. He seemed unaware or unconcerned that he would have to walk half a mile or more through the crowds, and that when he got there he would be facing a window that looked out upon the spot where Cevert had died.

Revson paused during lunch to ponder Cevert's crash. He speculated about its cause, he talked about Cevert's considerable ability as a driver, wondering about the possibility of human error. He spoke almost as though Cevert had been a man he'd never known. He didn't mention Cevert's death again.

That afternoon I turned on the radio and heard the first sketchy reports of the Yom Kippur war. I stood with a beer in my hand, watching the pits, and I wondered about the racers and their world. It seemed to me they were so out of touch with everything that did not concern racing that they were taking a terrible chance. One of these days, I thought, these people are going to drive down a racetrack access road that leads to the main highway, and when they get there they are going to find the highway is gone. There will be nothing but wisps of smoke, some blackened fields and a twisted tree. While World War III had started and ended, these people will have been playing their reckless game, unaware they are the last humans left alive. Only the racers, their crews and their hangers-on would remain to wind out their lives gossiping about automobiles and racing. It would probably serve them right to have to spend the rest of their lives in each other's company, I thought.

The same day the Yom Kippur war started in the Middle East, the Mets were playing Cincinnati and the Orioles were at Oakland. "How's the war going?" I asked Revson.

"The war. Oh, the war." He looked at his watch. "You're right. The ball game's on."

"No, no," I said. "I mean the war. The goddamn war, Peter, the war between the Jews and the Arabs."

"Oh, *that* war. The Jews will win the war," he said positively and put his head to the side almost as though he were denying what he had just said. "The Jews always win when they play at home, don't they?"

Revson met his father on Sunday after the race. Taking only time to accept the cup awarded for the best combined finishes in the Canadian and U.S. GPs, he spent half an hour in close conversation with Martin Revson just outside the garage. After 30 minutes or so, he looked up to see they were tightly ringed by spectators, most of them with pens and scraps of paper. "You're too famous, Dad," he said, and led his father into the garage.

In the stall next to the McLarens was a medium-sized wooden crate, perhaps 5'x3'x3', its sides covered only by some rough cross-members with an address in England scrawled on them. Inside the crate were the remains of Cevert's Tyrrell. The last Grand Prix of an unremarkable year was over. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 9-15

ASIAN GAMES—India won its first gold medal when V. S. Chauhan scored a Games-record 7,398 points in the decathlon, surpassing the mark of 7,111 established by C. K. Yang in 1958, as the final week of competition in Tehran, Iran was marred by political controversy (*page 64*)

BASKETBALL—In Landover, Md., DAVID THOMPSON pumped in 30 points for the U.S. All-Stars as they defeated the Russian national team 82–72 in the final game of their six-game tour. The Americans won five of the six contests.

BOATING—Plagued by fog and light winds, the America's Cup series commenced with *Courageous*, the U.S. defender, solidly defeating Australia's *Southern Cross* in the first two races on Rhode Island Sound (*page 54*).

BOXING—Japan's GATTU ISHIMATSU retained his World Boxing Council lightweight championship in Nagoya, Japan by fighting to a 15-round draw with Arturo Pineda of Mexico.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL: With Jim Plunkett leading the attack, the Patriots ambushed Miami 34–24 in their home opener at Schaefer Stadium. New England marched 75 yards with the opening kickoff to score on a 14-yard run by Mack Herron, and by halftime the Patriots had a 24–10 lead. Miami came back to make it 31–24 but the rally fell short. New England's defense held the Dolphins on downs with 1:33 left, and the Patriots added a 26-yard field goal by Kicker John Smith. Pittsburgh rolled over Baltimore 30–0 (*page 32*) and Dallas posted its 10th straight opening-day win with a 24–0 rout of Atlanta. Roger Staubach, apparently recovered from the cracked ribs he suffered in preseason play, was instrumental in two first-half scores. One touchdown came on his keeper from the nine-yard line and another on his 52-yard pass to Golden Richards. Three scoring runs by Houston Fullback George Amundson helped the Oilers defeat San Diego 21–14. It was their first season-opener success since 1970, and their first home win since 1972. Viking Chuck Foreman converted a third-quarter interception into the winning touchdown in Minnesota's 32–17 decision over Green Bay. A stiff-kneed Joe Namath threw two touchdown passes to give the Jets an early 13–0 lead over Kansas City, but he was undone by two interceptions. Defensive End Marvin Upshaw ran one of them 52 yards for a touchdown and Cornerback Emmitt Thomas scored on a 38-yard interception return to give the Chiefs a 24–16 win. St. Louis surprised the Eagles 7–3, moving 83 yards in 14 plays for the game's only touchdown, and Chicago pulled an upset, beating Detroit 17–9. In other opening action, Cincinnati romped over Cleveland 33–7, Washington stopped the Giants 13–10, Los Angeles shut off Denver 17–10 and San Francisco topped New Orleans 17–13.

WFL: Detroit broke its season-long 10-game losing streak as the Wheels rolled over the Blazers 15–14. Rookie Running Back Billy Sadler rushed for a touchdown from the six-yard line and then added the winning margin with an action-point pass reception. The loss dropped Florida into a tie with New York, both 7–4—for the Eastern Division lead. The Stars pinned a 34–15 loss on Portland. Meanwhile, Birmingham finally lost one as the Memphis Southmen avenged an earlier defeat by swamping the Americans 46–7. Ed Marshall scored on passes of six, 12 and 48 yards for Memphis, which now has a 9-2 record but still trails Birmingham (10-1) in the Central Division. The Southmen lead the league in rushing and total offense and rushing defense. Chicago, third in the Central race, has the league's leading passer in Virgil Carter, who has thrown for 26 touchdowns and 2,472 yards, the top rusher in Mark Kellar and the leading receiver in James Scott. But they were not enough against Western Division leader Southern California. With 20 seconds remaining, Sun Quarterback Tony Adams threw a 56-yard scoring bomb to Keith Denson for a 31–28 victory. Hawaiian Derrick Williams returned a kickoff 80 yards for a touchdown in his team's 24–17 triumph over Houston, while in Philadelphia the Bell needed overtime to crack Jacksonville 41–22.

GOLF—JOHNNY MILLER birdied the second hole of a four-way sudden-death playoff to collect his seventh winner's share this year—$60,000—in the $300,000 World Open at Pinehurst, N.C. (*page 26*)

SANDRA HAYNIE shot a final-round 66 to win the $40,000 Charity Classic at Woodhaven Country Club in Fort Worth, Tex. Jane Blalock, at 211 for 54 holes, finished second, three strokes back.

HARNESS RACING—KEYSTONE GABRIEL ($16.80), Peter Haughton at the reins, won his first race in 17 starts this year, the $117,095 Colonial Trot for 3-year-olds at Liberty Bell Park, with a clocking of 2:01[3]/5 for the mile. He finished 2½ lengths in front of Armbro Oxford.

BLACK GAMECOCK ($53.60), driven by Walter Marks, paced the mile in 1:59 to defeat Sir Dalrae by three-quarters of a length in the $50,000 Battle of Monmouth at Freehold (N.J.) Raceway.

HORSE RACING—BIG SPRUCE ($12.80), guided by Mike Hole, registered a 2¾-length victory over Arbees Boy in the $250,000 Marlboro Cup handicap at Belmont Park. The winning time was 1:46[3]/5 for 1¼ miles over a sloppy track.

DIABLO ($6.00), ridden by Bill Shoemaker, ran the mile in 1:35[2]/5 to win the $117,570 Del Mar Futurity for 2-year-olds at Del Mar Park. George Navonod and DiMaggio finished second and third.

MOTOR SPORTS—RICHARD PETTY drove a Dodge to victory in the Delaware 500 Grand National stock-car race at Dover Downs International Speedway. He covered the distance in 4:23:59 at an average 113.64 mph to win $15,175 and finish three miles ahead of Buddy Baker in a Ford.

Averaging 153.69 mph around the two-mile Michigan International Speedway, BOBBY UNSER drove a Chevrolet Camaro to victory in the opening 100-mile leg of the International Race of Champions. Cale Yarborough and David Pearson were the next two finishers in Camaros identical to Unser's. A day later, AL UNSER carried the family name into the winner's circle at the same track, driving his Eagle-Offenhauser at an average speed of 142.14 mph in the Norton 250. Al's share of the $80,025 purse was $18,950.

RIDING—BRUCE DAVIDSON of Westport, Mass. and his horse Irish Cap scored an upset at the World Three-Day Equestrian Championships in Burghley, England by winning the individual title with a low-total 71.67 penalty points. Davidson cashed in on the withdrawal of two-day leader Capt. Mark Phillips, husband of England's Princess Anne, after his horse Columbus strained a hind-leg tendon. The American squad took the team event with 288.07 points, ahead of Britain at 458.60 and West Germany at 519.53.

SOFTBALL—SANTA ROSA, Calif. defeated Aurora, Ill. 4–1 in the final game to win the men's national fast-pitch tournament in Clearwater, Fla.

TENNIS—In Cleveland the U.S. won the Bonne Bell Cup against Australia 5 matches to 4 as team captain JULIE HELDMAN upset Yvonne Goolagong 6–3, 6–1. Earlier Heldman had defeated Lesley Hunt 6–4, 6–4 and teamed with KRISTIEN KEMMER for a 6–4, 3–6, 6–4 win over Helen Gourlay and Karen Krantzcke. It was the American women's first success in the annual competition's three-year history.

TRACK & FIELD—ALEXEI SPIRIDONOV of the Soviet Union bettered the world record in the hammer throw by three inches with a 251' 6" effort at an international meet in Munich. The old record was set in July by East Germany's Reinhard Theimer.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: To be assistant coach of the NBA expansion New Orleans Jazz, ELGIN BAYLOR, 40, the league's fourth leading all-time scorer who played 14 years at forward for the Minneapolis and Los Angeles Lakers.

NAMED: 1972 Olympic slalom gold medalist BARBARA COCHRAN, 23, to coach the University of Vermont women's Alpine ski team.

NAMED: JIM FINKS, 47, as general manager, executive vice-president and chief operating officer of the NFL Chicago Bears. Finks, who on May resigned a similar post that he had held with the Minnesota Vikings for 10 years, is the first non-family member to be given an executive position with George Halas' organization.

HIRED: FRED WILLIAMSON, after three appearances on ABC-TV's *Monday Night Football* telecasts. Former Detroit Lion ALEX KARRAS was named as an interim replacement.

RETIRED: Chicago White Sox first baseman DICK ALLEN, 32, after 12 years in the major leagues, allegedly because he has given up hope that the Sox will win an AL West title. Voted NL Rookie of the Year in 1964 and AL Most Valuable Player in 1972, Allen was batting .301 with 88 RBIs and 32 home runs when he announced his decision.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD



ALICE KIDD, 27, of Yakima, Wash., is the first woman selected as a wildlife agent in the 40-year history of the Washington State Game Department. The mother of a 4-year-old boy, Kidd is on full-time patrol duty as a game warden in eastern Spokane County.



PAUL KRUMPE, of Torrance, Calif., scored 53 goals in 30 games to help his team win two league titles in the American Youth Soccer Organization. Paul was the only 10-year-old selected to the 1973-74 Division II State Championship All-Star team.



RAY SIMS, 15, broke the Memphis, Tenn. junior high school long-jump record by more than a foot with a leap of 21' 7½" to help his Cypress Junior High team to its sixth straight city track championship and its 44th consecutive meet victory in six years.



RICKY KUJAN, 16, of Las Vegas, won the National AAU Junior Olympic intermediate division weight-lifting championship in Tulsa. Ricky broke his own records in both the snatch (264.6 pounds) and the clean and jerk (341.7 pounds) for a 606.3-pound total.



GEORGE BIGELOW, a physician from Victoria, B.C., became the youngest Canadian to shoot his age for 18 holes of golf when he recorded a 64 at the par-70 Victoria Golf Club. Bigelow, who carries a six handicap, has carded 16 holes in one in 50 years of golf.



JOHNNY BAKER, 12, helped his Fort Jackson, S.C. Junior League team post a 14-3 record and win its league championship. The team's co-captain and most valuable player, Johnny batted .660, had 35 RBIs, 32 stolen bases, 30 runs scored and a 6-1 pitching record.


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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WOODY'S MACHINE

Sir:

Is it so painful for you to rate Ohio State No. 1 that you must follow your choice with an indictment of the school's recruiting program (*And the Reason Is Woody's Machine*, Sept. 9)? Robert Vare's reference to the fact that a third of Ohio State's squad is from other states makes it seem as though nonresident students should be barred from athletics. Woe to Michigan if that should happen; a third of the Wolverine squad last year was from Ohio.

As to Woody Hayes' sales pitch for the university, it is a fact that Ohio State's medical, dental, business, law and veterinary schools are among the finest in the country.

These kids play ball at Ohio State because they want to play at the best and for the best. It's more a case of success breeding success than the rich getting richer. If Ohio State's recruiting program is so money-fat and PR-oriented, what possible reason would anyone have for leaving the state to play football? Ohio State's recruiting program is a direct response to the heavy breathers from the other football powers that annually swoop down on Ohio's football talent.

The Bucks were No. 1 last year, they'll be No. 1 this year and they'll continue to be No. 1 as long as they continue to recruit with all available resources and *do not* violate NCAA rules!

MIKE LEE

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Yes, Ohio State football is a big business. It is a system that depends upon such positive factors as intricate organization, financial gain, discipline, hard work, top performance and all those ingredients that serve as a basis for the success of any American business enterprise, including SI.

The results of the Ohio State Machine speak for themselves. Thousands of fans fill the stadium. Other thousands wish they could. Athletes spend hour after hour dreaming of playing in a Buckeye uniform. Many spend hours of practice seeking that goal. Others derive pleasure from emulating Buckeye stars. What's so wrong with an organization that reaches and inspires so many?

It makes sense that such a successful organization as the Ohio State football team is loaded with favorable characteristics. Otherwise, it wouldn't be so successful and attractive to so many for so long.

Just because an organization gains and maintains supremacy doesn't mean that something is wrong. More logically, it means that many things are right.

GREG WINCE

Newark, Ohio

Sir:

It seems peculiar that an athletic department business manager from Iowa (0-11) would know that Ohio State budgets $4.3 million for its athletic program. He should be so fortunate! For one who has seen every Buckeye home game for the past 42 years, I say that every penny has been well spent on American youth and the pageantry that make football king. I'm proud to be a member of the team that brings recruits to the Olentangy Circle!

CARROLL SOLIARS

Mansfield, Ohio

Sir:

Woody Hayes is correct when he says that those who want to destroy college football are trying to destroy a wonderful American institution. How can anyone in our country be against special interest groups, pressure on our youth, watered-down education, quid pro quo favors and big money—all at the same time?

KENNETH M. SIDOREWICH

Cherry Hill, N.J.

Sir:

I am a former college football player and one of millions who appreciates the idea of amateurism in the college game and the unsullied enthusiasms it brings to participant and spectator alike. Robert Vare's article lays bare the hypocrisy that is undermining the college game. Woody Hayes, super recruiter, sets the tone nationwide for many a regime in college athletics. As Vare makes clear, coaching alone has little to do with putting the same teams in the Top 20 year in and out.

Yes, there are those who would destroy college football, as Woody so ironically points out. The game is smothered in exploitation and commercialization. The day of the young man who worked his way through school, studied with the rest of the student body and still had enough talent and enthusiasm to block and tackle on Saturday afternoon is fading fast. Fading with it is the admiration of many for an institution that is being bankrupted of its integrity.

As usual, the NCAA fiddles while its empire burns. Congratulations to SI for at least turning in the alarm.

WAYNE WOLSKI

Milwaukee

Sir:

Your story on Ohio State recruiting simply shows how low colleges—all colleges and universities—will sink to get top athletic prospects.

KELLY WALSH

Wildwood Crest, N.J.

ON TOP

Sir:

Well you've done it again, fearless prognosticators (SCOUTING REPORTS, Sept. 9). Last year you gave us Texas, this year Ohio State. How do you guys keep coming up with these fantastic predictions?

Oklahoma was the best team in the nation in 1973 and will be No. 1 in 1974. Luckily Ohio State doesn't have to play Oklahoma or it would be another embarrassing disaster for the (ahem!) No. 1 team and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, as it was last season when Oklahoma demolished Texas 52-13. Boomer Sooners!

STAN BROOKS

Miami, Okla.

Sir:

Oklahoma No. 2? You've got to be kidding. Let's remember that Oklahoma is still on probation because of serious recruiting violations—violations that have helped make the Sooners the strong contenders that they are.

F. MATTHEW HOFFMANN

Pueblo, Colo.

MAYHEM

Sir:

In the space of a few paragraphs on Ohio State's football team, there were the following gleeful testimonials to mayhem: 1) "We're going to kill people"; 2) "We make sure we hit somebody . . . I like to smash them", and 3) "There's nothing I enjoy more than hitting a halfback . . . especially when he doesn't see me coming. It feels the best when he hits the ground and you have your helmet stuck in him."

Isn't that a bit much? Such an open display of brutality is the "spirit" of a seething street mob, not a football team. No matter how intense a team's competitive zeal, there is no room in the true definition of sport for such blood-chilling callousness. Unbridled violence appears to be a permanent way of life in this country—even in such otherwise appealing pursuits as college football. It is an unfortunate development that is disheartening, ominous and not a little unsettling.

ROBERT L. HELERINGER

Louisville

EVEL'S RESCUE

Sir:

Evel Knievel landed in my lap. What luck and what a show ("*We Shoulda Run One More Test*," Sept. 16)! It wasn't luck that put me there but careful planning. For months, in order to avoid the $25 ticket, I had intended to sneak onto the Snake River and be under the jump in my kayak. Then, the

continued

day before the jump, I scouted the site and the Sky-Cycle and realized I had a good chance of meeting Evel face to face

At my invitation four top kayakers joined me, and we carefully approached the river through the heavily guarded Blue Lake Country Club. We paddled three miles up river to Pinnacle Falls, which we had to portage From there we proceeded to the jump site, but only at the last minute in order to prevent anyone from kicking us out. Once there, I had a tough decision to make either to film the jump from the far shore upstream in good light or to paddle pick-up in the choppy river where a camera was useless. I chose to forget my camera and pick up Evel As it was, I was the closest person to him He came in fast despite the drag chute much faster than slow-motion TV leads you to believe.

I feared Evel would jump free because he was too low for his chest chute to open He said later that he had tried to get out but couldn't. Thank goodness he was strapped tight and so survived the worst crash one could ever imagine, striking point first on a pinnacle of rock and then dropping free for 100 feet only to be partially snubbed by the chute at the instant of the second crash. The rocket then caromed down the steep vine-covered slope and came to rest on the bank

I was directly under the ramp at blastoff and approximately 100 feet away as the Sky-Cycle landed However, before I reached the site I was overtaken by an outboard, which arrived a few seconds before I did We got Evel out and I checked him over. He was bleeding but O.K. unhurt except for scratches but in shock. He had no knowledge of what had happened or where he was, although he was glad to be alive We transferred him to the outboard for the trip to the helicopter. During this ride I found out what he was made of In spite of his shock and mental trauma he grabbed a Sky-Cycle aileron away from a youngster in the boat and said, "What's your name?" Then he graciously pulled out a pen and wrote, "To Mike from Evel Knievel" and handed the precious souvenir back to the overwhelmed boy When we reached the copter I climbed in with Knievel, intending to take him to the hospital, but I checked his pulse—it was 78—and decided to let him go back to his crowd and his family

It was two or three minutes before the people would clear a way for our landing Immediately we were crushed and crunched by an insane mob which tried to tear him apart, some grabbing for souvenirs, though most were trying to wish him well One burly hand reached across my face to his helmet and received a well-earned bite—to the bone I became concerned for Evel's and my own safety and began screaming that Evel was badly injured, that I was a doctor and would they clear a path for the injured man The crowd parted and we slipped safely through

The rest of the story has been seen on TV, except that Evel drew tears from my eyes as he threw his $22,000 diamond-studded cane to the crowd below He is a showman He is a braggart But he is as courageous as they make them and a hell of a good guy. No one was really ready to save him in the water and he came within an inch of dying He is a brave man and this was no programmed stunt This was a gutty trick by a guy who committed himself too quickly He probably made more money this way but I can tell you he earned every cent of it I salute Evel Knievel and will forever be a staunch admirer of his.

WALT BLACKADAR, M.D.
Salmon, Idaho

• Dr. Blackadar, a man not unfamiliar with taking risks, was the author of *Caught Up in a Hell of White Water* (SI, Aug. 14, 1972). ED

continued

RK Moisturizing Creme Protein Conditioner.

A neat treat for your hair.

Considering what your hair goes through with sun and wind and the elements, it could use some help

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What's more, RK is acid-balanced. It's compatible with the slightly acidic mantle of normal hair and scalp All of which makes RK a pretty potent protector for your hair.

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*Check your dealer for specific Delco radio availability by car model. Radios shown are (top to bottom) Chevrolet AM with stereo tape, Pontiac AM-FM stereo with stereo tape, Cadillac AM-FM signal seeking stereo, Buick AM-FM stereo with stereo tape, Oldsmobile AM-FM stereo.

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EYE ON SPORTS

Sir:

Robert Wussler has a long way to go to make CBS the No. 1 sports network (TV-RADIO, Sept. 2). One big thing in his favor is that he has the TV rights to the NBA. If he can get some good commentators—not plastic but entertaining (and informative, as Bill Russell was for ABC)—viewers may turn on the sound instead of just watching the picture. I hope CBS will also revive the one-on-one competition.

BILLY AUE

Beavercreek, Ore.

Sir:

I enjoyed William Leggett's story regarding the appointment of Robert Wussler (Seton Hall, '57) as director of CBS sports. However, I must take issue with the characterization of Seton Hall University as "a campus surrounded by a gymnasium."

There is no question that Seton Hall has a long tradition of sports excellence, especially as a basketball powerhouse in the late '50s and early '60s. Those were the days of Nick (The Quick) Werkman, one of the leading scorers in the nation for three years, and Walter Dukes, who later played in the NBA. This year the Hall's baseball nine played in the College World Series.

Despite all this, Seton Hall, though not nationally known, offers comprehensive educational programs in the arts and sciences, law, education and business. To those of us who trained at Seton Hall University "a campus with a gymnasium" seems a more fitting description.

JAMES A. SBARBARO, M.D.
Seton Hall '69

Chicago

NEWK

Sir:

Belated congratulations to Frank Deford for his masterful word picture of John Newcombe the man (*Last of the Awesome Aussies*, Aug. 26). Having been privileged to know John well, we are happy that others now have an insight into Newk off the court. For those who have known him only for his dominance in the realm of tennis, Deford has captured his true, free natural spirit. He is a man for all times and for all people.

We agree Newcombe has been relatively neglected, considering his excellence. If other professional athletes could just learn from his integrity and good sense, the sports world would be a happier one for all, particularly the fan. There's more to life for John than the almighty dollar, he has found peace at a young age and is the most complete person we have ever known. Like WTT, John Newcombe is here to stay.

BETTY and E. Z. JONES
Houston EZ Riders

Houston

WHISTLES

Sir:

If Robert H. Boyle and the SI staff have heard thousands of dog whistles blowing during the past few weeks, let me assure you they are in tribute to a magnificent story that captured the essence of what dog trials are all about (*A Series of Trials and Tribulations*, Aug. 19).

My father has been an owner, trainer and judge in this business for many, many years. He owned and trained three field-trial champions, and I shared in some of the trials and tribulations (and joyous rewards, too) that Boyle has written about. Thanks for letting me relive some of those memorable moments.

FRANK (BULLMOOSE) FLETCHER

San Jose, Calif.

Sir:

Your title says it all. Although new to the sport, I can appreciate the dedication, time and patience required to produce a working retriever. Occasionally, as I stand red-faced with my plastic whistle, I wonder why I do it. The answer is that a well-trained retriever gives more satisfaction than all the living-room trick dogs.

EARLE ELLIOTT

Willowdale, Ontario

ALL-UNDERRATEDS

Sir:

After reading your article on Joe Rudi and other underrated players (*A Man Who'd Never Bite a Dog*, Sept. 2), my first reaction was to make up an All-Underrated team including unsung players from both leagues. It is as follows:

Catcher: Ted Simmons, Ellie Hendricks
1st Base: Tony Perez, George Scott
2nd Base: Tommy Helms, Jorge Orta
3rd Base: Richie Hebner, Don Money
Shortstop: Dave Concepcion, Toby Harrah
Outfield: Rick Monday, Al Oliver, Ken Singleton, Ken Henderson, Joe Rudi, John Briggs
Pitcher: Jack Billingham, Bill Singer

If I have left anyone out, it is only because I haven't heard of him.

JAY HESCH

Cincinnati

Sir:

Perhaps Joe Rudi would never bite a dog, but Ron Fimrite sure did when he failed to mention Eddie Mathews as one of baseball's most obscure superstars.

CLAYTON CAMPBELL

Hancock, Vt.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



The neighbors didn't know the Forans were moving. Neither did the Forans.

You're looking at a burglary in progress.

While the Forans were away on vacation, three bogus moving men pulled up in a van, let themselves in through the back door, and emptied the house. In broad daylight.

This little story is true. Only the names have been changed.

Granted, it's not the kind of problem the average homeowner has to deal with on a day-to-day basis.

More typical are those once-in-a-lifetime things that seem to happen two or three times a year. Like the day someone gets hurt tripping over your welcome mat. Or the night that old maple blows over on your garage.

Obviously, you're going to need insurance. The question is, how much and what kind of protection is enough?

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THE TRAVELERS
Maybe we can help.

More oil from

How Exxon is squeezing additional oil out of a 55-year-old field.

A popular myth has it that oil is found in large underground lakes or pools. Actually, when oil and natural gas are discovered they are inside sedimentary rock. They are trapped in the tiny pores of limestone or sandstone as far as five miles underground.

Usually, when a well is drilled into oil-saturated rock, natural underground pressures force the oil to *flow through the rock* to the well and then to the surface.

However, in many oil fields these natural pressures are not strong enough to move the oil to the well. Or, over time, they may have diminished to the point where they must be supplemented by additional pressure. This additional pressure is provided by "secondary recovery" methods.



Oil and gas must come from Texas and Arabia. Oil and gas must flow through rock like this before they reach the well bore.

Forcing water deep into the oil-bearing rock.

The most widespread secondary recovery method in use throughout the oil industry is *waterflooding*, which was introduced over 30 years ago. Water is pumped into the oil-bearing rock to flush out more of the oil than would be produced by natural, or primary forces.

On the average, natural pressures move only about 15-20% of a field's oil from the underground rock up to the surface. By using secondary recovery technology, the final yield can be increased to an average of about 35%.

The Hewitt Field—a case in point.

The Hewitt oil field, discovered in 1919, near Ardmore, Oklahoma, is operated by Exxon and several other companies. Originally, this field produced nearly 30 thousand barrels of oil a day. However, the depletion of natural underground pressures gradually reduced Hewitt's production to the point where the field needed waterflooding.

In 1969, Exxon and other owners began a cooperative secondary recovery waterflood project, which has since cost about $20 million.

Engineers now estimate that the Hewitt field ultimately will produce 35% of the original oil in place. Without the use of waterflooding, total recovery had been estimated at only 20%.

Sometimes, but not at Hewitt, natural gas is injected instead of water. However, the efficiency of waterflooding usually makes it more attractive.

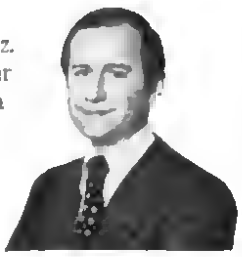
An experiment using heat and subterranean "detergents."

Even after an oil field is subjected to secondary recovery techniques, such as water and gas injection, a large percentage of the oil still remains locked in the pores of the rock. So for many years, Exxon has been experimenting with tertiary recovery methods designed to recover more of this oil.

In one experimental process, a "detergent" or surfactant is pumped into the rock. This agent works like a laundry detergent that removes oil from a shirt—it flushes out the droplets of oil which still remain in the pores of the rock. In some cases, particularly where the oil is thicker, sometimes nearly the consistency of molasses, steam injection also is being tested. The hot steam heats the oil, making it flow more freely.



"I finally met a man who's more than just talk. He's a banker with American National."



"His name is Dick Schwartz.

I told him a little about our business and he came back with some ideas that really make sense.

He said it sounded like we've got cash in our collection pipeline, and we ought to get it out. He mentioned an automated draft program, and a financial forecasting system, that sound like they could tighten things up a lot.

And he told me something about export finance that could really open that market up for us.

Next time he's here, I want you to meet him. You'll be impressed. Dick doesn't just know a lot.

He looks like the kind of guy who can make things happen, too."

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What's the call? A trap up the middle for better field position? An end sweep? A medium pass? (What if they come with the blitz? They could nail you for a big loss and it's goodbye, field-goal!) Maybe the screen or a short pass would go. Or maybe now's the time to gamble everything... and throw The Bomb!

Only one thing IS certain: now's the time to get hold of the Sports Illustrated Pro Football Game *Paydirt!* — set up the situation — and find out!

***You* be the quarterback!**

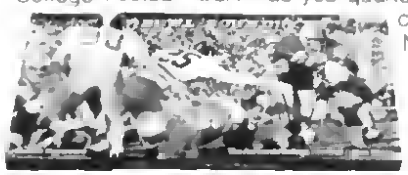
To create *Paydirt!* we've scouted all 26 pro teams. We've determined their strengths and weaknesses on offense, defense and special teams. And we've converted all this information into simple-to-use Play/Action Charts that put you right down on the playing field at the Los Angeles Coliseum... at RFK Stadium in Washington... at Three Rivers Stadium in Pittsburgh... up in the "thin air" at Mile High Stadium, Denver... in the Ice Box at Minnesota's Metropolitan Stadium... or in the sun at the Orange Bowl in Miami... all around the league... as quarterback of your favorite pro teams!

These charts are your tickets to action. With them *you* can call all the shots — on offense *and* defense — for every pro squad. With them you can feel the crunch of the Minnesota blitz... the power of the Washington ground attack... the thrill of completing the bomb for a game-breaking TD against Miami's great 'No Name' defense! You can replay the complete pro season, playoffs, Super Bowl... until your team wins it all!

So don't delay. Get in on the action of *Paydirt!* today. To order, use the coupon at right. (But don't stop there! Order our College Football Game, too... and save $4.00 in the bargain!)

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Dartmouth 70	Mississippi 61	Penn State 69	USC 67
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Sports Illustrated Games

SI0973

There was a Grand American handing out cigars on September 25, 1950.



"Seven pounds, 14 ounces and all muscle," he said.
And they all laughed with him.
Then they drank to the health and happiness of his new son.
And, of course, to the new mother.
Everyone there was soon infected by his smile, and every father reminded of his firstborn, and the joy that was born with it.
Schenley was there, part of the celebration.
It was the best doggone whiskey they could get then. And it still is.
It still has the classic smooth taste of Schenley, the unique honest flavor, the heritage of celebrated good times.
And it's 100% American whiskey, the Grand American Whiskey.



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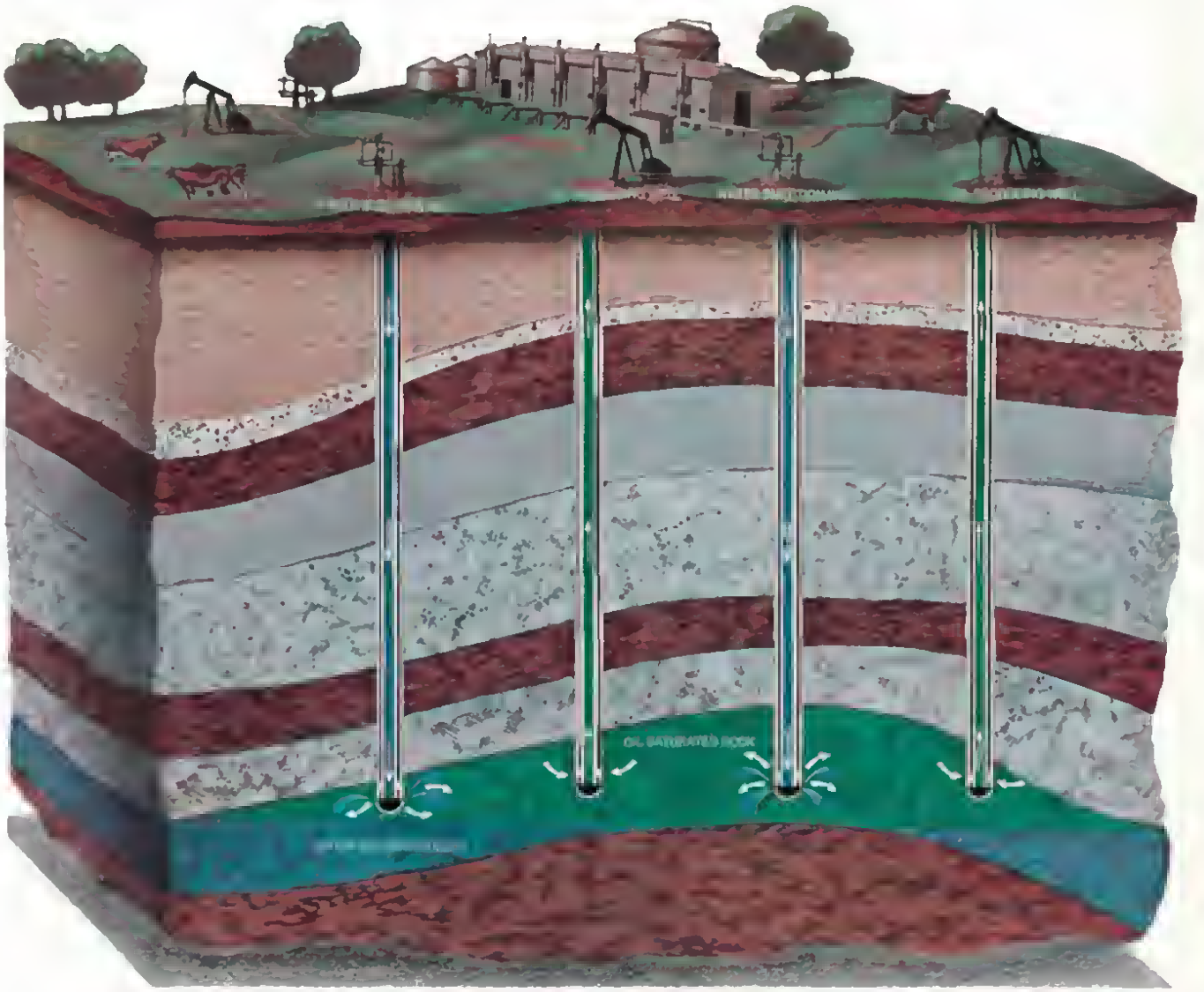
We've shared some good times together. Let's share a few more.

Schenley Reserve American Whiskey. A Blend. 86 Proof. © 1974 Schenley Distillers Company, New York, New York.

an oasis for your ears



old wells.



Artist's conception of the Hewitt oil field located near Ardmore, Oklahoma. Large quantities of water are being injected into the oil-saturated rock to significantly increase the oil production.

In perhaps the most dramatic oil-recovery technique, air is injected into the rock formation holding the oil. This injected air supports controlled underground combustion, which heats the oil, causes it to flow more readily and drives it to the well.

In addition, Exxon is testing and evaluating several other tertiary techniques.

A realistic look at the future.

To date, about 450 billion barrels of oil have been found and documented in the United States. Even after additional recovery efforts, like the waterflooding at Hewitt, are applied, some 300 billion barrels of this oil will still remain locked in the pores of rock. Today, there is no way to recover all of this oil.

But scientists believe that experimental "tertiary" techniques like "detergents" and combustion, could someday produce a significant amount of additional oil which America will need in the years ahead.

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